

# The Monthly Chronicle

OF

## NORTH-COUNTRY\*LORE\*AND\*LEGEND

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### Jean Paul Marat in Newcastle.

By James Clephan.

**A**TOWNSMAN of Newcastle, going to and fro in his daily rounds, saw lying on the ground four pages of what seemed to him familiar print, and picked them up. His conjecture was verified. He held in his hand a fragment of "The Chains of Slavery" of Jean Paul Marat, slain by Charlotte Corday in the summer of 1793. Printed in English in 1774, presentation copies of the book were sent to incorporated companies and others in Newcastle. Of these last-century gifts, some few are yet in existence; and to one of the number, passing away as waste paper, the stray leaves had probably belonged—a crumpled waif, in which, apparently, butter or bacon, or other commodity, had been handed over the counter to a customer, with no consciousness on either side of the rarity of the wrapper. Such are the vicissitudes of literature!

Marat, a native of Switzerland, was born at Neuchâtel in 1744; and, coming over to England in his early manhood, passed many years of his life in this country, tarrying for a time in Newcastle, frequenting the circulating library of Robert Sands in the Bigg Market, and leaving behind him the reputation of a man familiar with horses and their ailments. He had studied medicine in Paris, and plumed himself on his veterinary skill. There is a lingering legend of his having had a hand in the institution of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and even a confused tradition of his presence at the laying of the foundation stone of its building in the West Gate. But as he had left our island some time before 1793, the year in which the society was founded, and as the erection of the building was not begun until 1822, the two-fold tale, like many others of the kind, falls a prey to dates. Coming

into collision with "chiefs that winna ding," it suffers wreck. Those, however, who believe that traditions have always some fact to fall back upon, may have their theory supported by this story as to Marat. There was established somewhere in the West Gate, in 1775, a Philoso-



phical Society which debated such knotty problems as "What is Virtue?" It was at one of its meetings that the author of "The Spencean System" undertook to prove "Property in Land Every One's Right"; it was at the

next that poor Spence was expelled; and it is not at all improbable that Marat may have attended one or two of the fortnightly discussions of this club.

We turn to the *Newcastle Chronicle* of 1793, hoping to find, in connection with the record of his assassination, some reminiscence or other of his sojourn on the Tyne; but his fate had prompted in the printer no recollections sending him to his types; not a gleam of the visit of the French revolutionist lights up the page. The hope, indeed, was idle. The provincial papers of the period were not addicted to such efforts. They gave not a line to many a local subject which would now command a column. Either the "printer"—(there was no "editor" then)—thought it needless to relate what his neighbours already knew, or he had some other reason for not going into town gossip: we cannot say. Certain it is that the old files mingle marvellously little of home incident with their news from afar; and of Marat in Newcastle they indulge us with next to nothing.

The soiled and greasy scrap of his "Chains of Slavery," blown about our streets by a March wind of 1878, comprises pp. 35-38 of the edition of 1774. Only two copies of the work have come under our notice. One of these had been sent (doubtless by the author) to the Skinners and Glovers' Company of Newcastle, the obliterating hand of Time having dimmed the donor's words of dedication until hardly a powerful glass would make them decipherable on the cover. The other, after having long reposed among the antiquarian collections of the late Mr. Thomas Bell, was secured by the vigilant librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society for the vast storehouse of literature in Westgate Road.

We learn from the "Historical Studies" of Mr. Herman Merivale, published in 1865, that the early appearance of Marat's essay—a pamphlet in form, but a volume in fact—was announced in Woodfall's paper, the *Public Advertiser*, May 3, 1774; and also in the *Gentleman's* and *Scots Magazine* of the same month—the price to be 12s. Thus runs the title:—

#### THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY.

A Work wherein the Clandestine and Villainous Attempts of Princes to ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful Scenes of Despotism disclosed.

To which is prefixed,

An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the Choice of proper Representatives in the next Parliament.

*Vitam impendere vero.*

London: Sold by J. Almon, opposite Burlington House in Piccadilly; T. Payne, at the Mews Gate; and Richardson and Urquhart, near the Royal Exchange.

MDCCLXXIV.

The author's name is not given; and the book purports, as it goes on, to be written by an Englishman. Thus, in a chapter on "Fruitless Efforts of the People," the writer remarks (page 127):—"In our civil wars of the last century, it was the constant artifice of the Court to sow dis-

sension among the Tories and Whigs; among Papists, Anglicans, and Presbyterians." And again, where he is treating of the "Folly and Inconsideration of the People," having observed that "it is the folly of all nations to exult in the pretended wisdom of their own laws," he adds (page 195):—"What people did ever deserve this last reproach more than ourselves? We never cease boasting of the excellencies of our Constitution; and, by continually extolling it, we are not sensible of its defects, and neglect to reform them."

At the time when the book was written, a dissolution of Parliament was in prospect, and was casting its shadows before, in the shape of agitation and excitement. A few weeks after the newspaper and magazine advertisements of the month of May, there appeared a paragraph in the *Newcastle Chronicle* recording the arrival of presentation copies:—"Yesterday (May 27), the Company of Bricklayers, the Company of Goldsmiths, and the Lumber Troop in this town, received each, by the fly, two large quarto volumes, from an unknown person in London, entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' with a prefatory address to the electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the next Parliament. The work is spirited, and appears through the whole a masterly execution."

Previous to the arrival of the work thus summarily disposed of, there had been organized in Newcastle a "Constitutional Club," the points of whose Charter were Triennial or Shorter Parliaments, a reduction in the number of placemen and pensioners in the House of Commons, a more equal representation of the people, and the rescinding of the resolution which seated Luttrell for Middlesex in the place of Wilkes. The month of May saw also the formation of another and similar club, "The Independent"; its members (who were Free Burgesses) rejecting every bribe, emolument, treat, &c., from any candidate, and resolving to vote for none who would not give a pledge to restore the House of Commons to its pristine state. This second club assembled at Shewille's in the Bigg Market; and a "third society of patriots," formed in June, met at Hume's in the Close.

Before, therefore, the Dissolution came in September, the electors were actively preparing for the fray. The men in municipal office had been challenged to a trial of strength by the independent electors; and each party had two leaders, known as the Magistrates' and the Burgesses' candidates. The corporate champions were Sir Walter Blackett, "The King of Newcastle," and Sir Matthew White Ridley; and the other two were Mr. Thomas Delaval and the Hon. Constantine John Phipps. The Incorporated Companies were great centres of political action in those days; and they were eagerly wooed by the prime movers, freemen of the borough being the sole electors of its Parliamentary representatives. Not the least active and energetic were the members of the Bricklayers' Company, to whom

Marat had sent a copy of his "Chains of Slavery." They admitted Phipps and Delaval to the freedom of their incorporation; and, having made them Bricklayers, they presented to the Arctic navigator and his colleague silver trowels and mahogany hods! Of all the companies in the borough, only the Bricklayers and the Joiners, when the time came, gave a majority of votes to both the Burgesses' Candidates, Delaval and Phipps.

Throughout the summer of 1774, the agitation went on, the two parties exerting themselves to the uttermost; but, notwithstanding the ammunition of Marat's bulky quarto, the Magistrates' Candidates defeated the Burgesses by a vast majority. Two to one was the proclamation of the poll, the voting running on from the 11th to the 19th of October.

Another October came—the October of 1775—and there was inserted on the 21st, at the head of a column of local news in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, in larger type than was vouchsafed to the neighbouring paragraphs, an announcement of a further edition:—"Next week will be published, price 10s. 6d., and sold by the booksellers in Newcastle, *THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY*, written by Dr. MARIOT. A work well worthy the attention of the public." The name of the author was now given; but it was not then so familiar to the world as it was one day to become, and the erring printer spelt it amiss.

In due time the advertisement of the work appeared; with, in addition to London publishers, the names of North-Country booksellers. It was inserted on the 28th of October and 4th of November:—

This day is published, price 10s. 6d.,  
And sold by J. Almon in Piccadilly; T. Slack, W. Charnley, and E. Humble, in Newcastle; J. Graham, in Sunderland; J. Pickering, in Stockton; N. Thorn, in Durham; E. Lee, in Hexham; and A. Graham, in Alnwick.

**THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY.** A work in which the clandestine and villainous attempts of Princes to ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful scenes of Despotism disclosed.

To which is prefixed,  
An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw timely attention to the choice of proper representatives.

By J. T. MARAT, M.D.

*Vitam impendere vero.*

The surname of the author was now printed accurately, but not the initial of his second Christian name.

Not unlikely Marat was in Newcastle when this announcement was made; and, if so, it is more than probable that he attended the meetings of the Philosophical Society set on foot in 1775, and kept in existence for two or three succeeding years. On Wednesday, the 25th of October, its members discussed the question, "Which is the better form of Government, a Limited Monarchy, as in Great Britain, or a Republic?" and it was decided, by a majority of two, "that a Republic might be formed productive of more real advantage to the governed than can be effected by a Limited Monarchy like our own."

Seldom was England in a state of greater unrest and excitement than at this moment. The American revolu-

tion was on foot; the battle of Lexington had been fought; and our countrymen had everywhere taken sides on the great question of the day. At the next meeting of the club that had decided by a narrow majority in favour of a Republic, held on the 8th of November, the members were debating, "Whether are Charters granted to Particular Companies, of a Free and Exclusive Trade to Particular Places, an Advantage or Disadvantage to the Nation that grants Them?" The division on this occasion was still closer. It was so close that the casting vote of the President was called for; and he gave it on the side of disadvantage. Whereupon a question for the next fortnightly meeting was appointed, viz., "What is Virtue?"

Leaving the philosophers puzzling themselves with this enigma, we return to Mr. Merivale's "Studies," a book which casts some light on both editions of "The Chains of Slavery." From his "Few Words on Junius and on Marat," we learn that in the autumn of 1792, our visitor of a former day, enamoured of the quarto he had circulated among our forefathers, and having, after a lapse of far on to twenty years, extended resources at his command, again committed it to print in the city of Paris. "In the well-known handsome type which had been consecrated to Government purposes," he brought out a French edition of his "Chains of Slavery" and "Address to the Electors of Great Britain," with a preface, or notice, containing particulars relating to himself. In the prefatory pages he describes his herculean labours of 1774—how his reading, extracting, adapting, translating, and printing "was an affair of three months," during which period he "laboured regularly one and twenty hours a day." "I scarcely allowed myself," says he, "two for sleep; and, in order to keep myself awake, I made such excessive use of coffee without milk that it nearly killed me, and injured me more than excess of work. . . . When I had sent it ['The Chains of Slavery'] to the publishers, thinking I had nothing more to do than to wait quietly for its success, I fell into a kind of mental annihilation or stupor; all the faculties of my soul were stricken down; I lost my memory and intelligence, and remained thirteen days in this state, from which I was delivered only by the help of music and rest." He then states that on his recovery he found to his surprise that his publishers had failed to perform their engagement, and tried others, who put him off in various ways. At last, when he had got "on the right scent," he "discovered, too late, that the Minister had bought up printer, publishers, and newspapers," and "had no difficulty in tracing this to its source." His "printer was a Scotchman, attached to Lord North, to whom he transmitted the sheets as they came from the press." "Indignant at the difficulties placed in the way of my publication, I adopted (he states) the course of sending almost the whole edition, in presents, to the patriotic clubs of the North of England, which passed for the purest in the kingdom. The copies

addressed to them were punctually delivered by the carriers." The "fly," as we have seen, bore presentation copies to the Goldsmiths, Bricklayers, and Lumber Troop; and others, it would seem, were borne into Northumbria by the historic "Newcastle Waggon."

These were of the first edition; we shall now come to the second, of which we have seen no copies.

Mr. Merivale, continuing his abstract of the "notice" accompanying the Parisian volume, says:—"The narrative now gets wilder and wilder. Lord North set spies to watch Marat, bribed his landlord and servant, and intercepted his letters. To put the persecutors off the track, he went over to Holland, and came back to London by the North of England, visiting by the way the clubs to which he had sent his books. He stayed three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which an emissary of the Minister stole; that of Newcastle published a new edition of his work; but the appearance of this edition was delayed by Government at an expense which, a member of Parliament afterwards assured him, did not fall short of eight thousand guineas. It was not allowed to appear until after the elections, and then the author's intention of influencing them was altogether disconcerted."

Fact and fancy may be blended in Marat's romantic narrative, written after the lapse of far on to twenty years from the occurrences he recalls. But the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* shows that copies of his book came to Newcastle, as he stated, in 1774, and also that a republication was announced in 1775, when no election was at hand, and when the title-page was altered accordingly. It gives us, however, no glimpse of an intended local re-issue in 1774, with a view to influencing the fortunes of the contested election of that year. Weighty as was this massive tract, it could, indeed, count for little in the scale. There was no contending against so royal a canvasser as Sir Walter, "acknowledged by all who knew him to stand unrivalled." "All competition with him for the representation of Newcastle," said Captain Phipps, was hopeless; and on his death, which occurred in 1777, his nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, won the vacant seat.

We cannot close our article on Marat and leave untouched the notice bestowed upon him by the late Dr. Lonsdale, of Carlisle. In his admirable volume of 1873 on "The Worthies of Cumberland," including "The Loeshes of Woodside," he dedicates half a score of his pages to "James Loesh, Recorder of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," born in the summer of 1763. "His love of liberty, not less than a desire to improve his educational status, induced him to visit France during the throes of the great Revolution in 1792." "He attended the meetings of the Convention, listened to the classical appeals of Vergniaud and the Girondists, and saw that 'grim son of France and son of Earth,' as Carlyle describes Danton, and probably heard his stentorian voice proclaim, *Il nous faut de*

*l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*—'to dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare'—words that 'thrilled abroad over France like electric virtue.' The daring of the mob soon merged into a *Sanseculotte* despotism, encouraged by the 'Commune,' whose conscience was Marat. This came home to Mr. Loesh whilst walking along the Rue de Richelieu. Let it be premised that he was a handsome and conspicuous figure, and elegantly dressed. His hair, lustrous and abundant, hung in long tresses over his shoulders. Such a personality, savouring of aristocratic life, could not fail to attract the *Sanseculottes*, one of whom stared and growled, and then exclaimed, *Aristocrat! quelle belle tete pour la lanterne!* A pretty compliment, forsooth, to a man's head, that it would grace a lamp-post! Mr. Loesh smiled, and continued his walk; yet he must have heard of Foulin's fate at the lamp-iron, at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie—the convenient gallows for carrying out the Jeddart law of the Reign of Terror. His confidence in his own safety probably rested on his favourable opinion of the French character, and not, as has been supposed, on the protective influence of Marat, who had resided in Newcastle, and gained much esteem there, before Mr. Loesh was out of his nursery at Woodside."

Dr. Lonsdale adds, in a foot-note:—"Jean Paul Marat studied physic in Edinburgh, and probably graduated there as M.D. He practised both human and veterinary medicine in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the years 1770-73. His knowledge of horse-flesh gave him an *entree* to the higher circles, whilst his politics pleased the ear of the populace; and it has been generally believed that his philanthropic services during the prevalence of an epidemic gained him the honorary freedom of the town. It was difficult for me to conceive the sallow man, with pock-pitted countenance, black flat hair, blood-shot blinking eyes, and spasmodically-twitching mouth—the incarnation of the repulsive—so highly regarded; and this difficulty was increased by another statement, admitted to be valid, that Mr. Croker, of the *Quarterly*, on a visit to Paris in 1847, called on a sister of Marat, who felt the compliment as part of the respect shown by the English to her brother, and then showed what purported to be the diploma of the freedom of the town of Newcastle. Mr. Croker probably took her statement for granted, and did not examine the document. Thinking it well that this matter should be cleared up, I applied to Mr. Cail, the present Mayor of Newcastle, who kindly caused a full search of all the books of the Corporation, but found no such name as Marat's on the list of freemen. Further inquiries, aided by my friends Mr. James Clephan and Mr. Joseph Cowen, the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, revealed the existence of several patriotic clubs in the North of England, in part, if not wholly, organised by Marat, to which and to various trade guilds in Newcastle he sent his famous quarto volume, 'The Chains of Slavery,' in the year 1774. These clubs he afterwards, as he states, personally visited, staying

three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three of these clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which, according to his belief, an emissary of the English Minister stole. Now the probability is that the

document in the possession of Marat's sister in 1847 emanated from one of the Newcastle patriotic clubs—the parchment and big seal and other flourishes misleading Mr. Croker.'

## Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

John Adamson,

ANTIQUARY AND PORTUGUESE SCHOLAR.

**F**EW men were better known in Newcastle during the first half of the present century than John Adamson. Whether in business as a lawyer and an official of a railway company, or in literature as a scholar, and the life-long secretary of two learned Newcastle societies, he was equally a man of light and leading in the Tyneside community.



*John Adamson*

John Adamson came of a good stock. His great grandfather, Cuthbert Adamson, of the city of Durham, married on the 30th January, 1703, Jane, daughter of Henry Eden, gentleman, of Shincliffe, where a branch of the Edens of West Auckland and Windleston had been seated for many generations. His grandfather, Blythman Adamson, a member of the Trinity House of Newcastle, married at St. Andrew's Church on Aug. 21, 1724,

Eleanor, daughter of Taylor Thirkeld, of the Nolt Market, gentleman, a descendant of the Thirkelds of Denton. His father, Cuthbert Adamson, was a lieutenant in the navy, and was in the Racehorse in Capt. Phipps's voyage (1773) to the Arctic Regions—Nelson being a midshipman in the *Carcass*, her consort. He was twice master of the Trinity House of Newcastle—in 1775 and in 1795. John Adamson was the issue of Cuthbert's second marriage, his mother's name being Mary Huthwaite. He was born at Gateshead on the 13th September, 1787.

When at the age of sixteen he left the Royal Grammar School, where his education had been superintended by the Rev. Edward Moses, he was sent to his elder brother Blythman, who had established himself as a merchant in Lisbon. It was intended that the brothers should unite in the business there, but the unsettled state of the country in prospect of a French invasion rendered that project impracticable, and John returned to Newcastle, and was articled to Thomas Davison, attorney, and clerk of the peace for the county of Northumberland. Mr. Davison was a man of culture, and encouraged the pursuit of literature. Thomas Bedingfield and George Pickering, local poets, and James Ellis, the editor of their published poems, had been clerks in his office, and when John Adamson entered it he found in his employer and his employer's sons congenial and appreciative minds. While in Lisbon he had mastered the language of Portugal, and formed a strong attachment to the poetry and literature which it unfolded to him. Among other Portuguese stories Nicola Luis's tragedy of "Dona Inez de Castro" impressed him, and in 1808 he was encouraged to publish a translation of it. Two years later he issued a small collection of sonnets, chiefly translated from the minor works of Camoens. Having served his articles with Mr. Davison, he entered the office of Mr. Walter Heron, who, in 1807, had succeeded Nathaniel Punshon in the under-shrievalty of Newcastle. Mr. Heron died in 1811, and Mr. Adamson, obtaining his office of under-sheriff, and one or two minor appointments, commenced

business in Newcastle on his own account. At the close of the following year he married his cousin, Elizabeth Huthwaite.

There was at that time in Newcastle an energetic collector of coins and other old and curious objects, who conceived the idea of forming a society for the study of records and memorials of the past. He issued circulars, signed by his now familiar name of John Bell, but met with scant response until Mr. Adamson joined him, and then the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries was founded. The little band of inquirers (with Mr. Adamson and the Rev. John Hodgson as joint secretaries) obtained leave to meet in the Castle, but were driven from it by cold and general discomfort, and then they held their meetings in Mr. Adamson's office, and distributed their treasures round the grass plot in his back garden. For two-and-forty years the name of John Adamson appears as that of one of the secretaries of the society. His official connection with it ceased only with his life.

Stimulated probably by the example of John Bell, Mr. Adamson became an omnivorous collector in several departments of research. Numismatics was one of his earliest hobbies, and by-and-by he had as many as three thousand different specimens of coinage in his cabinets. Conchology was a favourite study, and to encourage it he published a number of conchological tables, which were intended to be useful to amateurs in that fascinating department of natural history. To Portuguese literature he was always devoted, and in a few years had gathered together a library of Portuguese authors which was probably without equal in the kingdom. Fossils and minerals also were carefully collected, identified, and assorted in such manner as to combine something educational or instructive with the curious and the beautiful.

Organisation was one of the leading features in Mr. Adamson's career. He was a founder of the Newcastle Law Society, which, originally started in 1815, expanded, in 1826, into the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society. When in 1828 the Corporation of Newcastle sanctioned the formation of the Incorporated Company of Scriveners, he was one of the seventeen attorneys whose names appeared on its first roll of members. The following year he assisted to found the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, and received the thanks of the inaugural meeting for his spirited exertions. On the death of the Rev. Anthony Hedley in 1825 he undertook the duties of co-secretary of the Newcastle Lit. and Phil. Society, and discharged them until his death. To him (and to Mr. J. T. Brockett) the Typographical Society of Newcastle owed its origin; he wrote three of its publications and edited half a dozen others. And all the labours which these various offices and undertakings involved were performed whilst following the profession of a lawyer, occupying several public offices, and, in particular, acting in a capacity in which at that time no experience of other men was forthcoming—namely, as secretary of a railway company!

Late in life Mr. Adamson suffered from a great and widely-regretted calamity. His Portuguese library and many other books and papers were burnt in a disastrous fire which occurred at his residence in 1849. He survived the loss of his treasures six years. On the 27th September, 1855, in his 68th year, he died, and two or three days afterwards was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

His principal literary works are:—

Dona Ignes de Castro. Translated from the Portuguese of Nicola Luis. Newcastle, 1808.

Sonnets from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens. Newcastle, 1810.

Catalogue of the Library of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. 1816.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens. 2 vols. London, 1820.

Conchological Tables, compiled principally for the use of Shell Collectors. Newcastle, 1823.

Bibliotheca Lusitana: or Catalogue of Books and Tracts relating to the History, Literature, and Poetry of Portugal. Newcastle, 1836.

Lusitana Illustrata: Notices of the History, Antiquities, Literature, &c., of Portugal, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. Two parts. Newcastle, 1842-46.

A Collection of Sonnets. Newcastle, 1845.

The literary tastes which Mr. Adamson cultivated have been inherited in various degrees by three of his four sons. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson, vicar of St. Alban's, Heworth, has given us *Scholz Novocastrensis Alumni*, and is an active contributor to the *Archæologia Eliana*; Major William Adamson of Cullercoats, has written "Notices of the Services of the 27th Northumberland Light Infantry Militia"; Mr. Charles Murray Adamson, of North Jesmond, has contributed to local literature some charming books on ornithology.

Outside of Northumberland and Durham John Adamson is best known by his Portuguese studies. His memoirs of Camoens, published in two vols. in 1820, brought him into prominence both at home and abroad, and in due time procured his enrolment among the knights of the Order of Christ and of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. Here upon Tyneside he is more faithfully remembered as the promoter of learned societies, and the representative of culture and taste in what may be called the by-paths of busy lives. To those whose remembrance extends beyond the great fire and explosion which devastated the river sides of Newcastle and Gateshead, in October, 1854, there are few more pleasing memories than those of the annual meetings of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Literary Institute, where, with his foreign orders on his breast, the English biographer of Camoens, venerable in age, counselled the young men of his day to cultivate the graces and refinements of literature.

### The Aireys:

JOSEPH, THOMAS, AND SIR GEORGE.

The Aireys of Newcastle are conspicuous in local history through their association with the family of Ambrose Barnes, the Puritan alderman, and for the remarkable fidelity with which, down to recent years, they adhered to

the principles and practice of Nonconformity. It was through their instrumentality that the valuable manuscript life of Ambrose Barnes was preserved, and it was from their hands that the Rev. William Turner, pastor of the Unitarian church which they attended, received the precious document, and transferred it to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, which he was mainly instrumental in establishing. They formed a somewhat numerous family, and Sir Cuthbert Sharp found it difficult to link the various branches of it together. Their names appear in the commercial records of Tyneside, "writ large," as merchants, bankers, lawyers, coalfitters, master mariners, and so on. We shall look in vain for them in the records of the municipality. They were sturdy and uncompromising Dissenters, and the sacramental test was in force. So they kept out of the Corporation, and were spared the guzzling and quarrelling which were the concomitants of municipal government in the last century, and after.

The connection of the Aireys with Ambrose Barnes arose through the marriage of George Airey (described, in 1693, as a mercer, and, in 1710, as a gentleman) with Barnes's second daughter, Ann. It was not a fortunate union, for George Airey failed in business, his wife grew peevish and discontented, and the Puritan patriarch was sadly impoverished. "She married a man"—so runs the "Life"—"who begun the world with a good estate, but all was blasted, and he broke," which breaking left Ambrose Barnes "involved in so many debts and bonds for him to answer as swept away almost all he had in the world." There were four or five children, issue of the marriage, and two of them—Joseph and Thomas—became leading citizens of Newcastle. Joseph married his cousin, Ruth Hutchinson,—daughter of Mary, Ambrose Barnes's eldest daughter, and Jonathan, eldest son of Barnes's friend and relative, William Hutchinson. The intertwining of Barnes, Hutchinson, and Airey seems to have been approved and encouraged by the respective families. For when Thomas Barnes, clerk, youngest son of Ambrose, was making his will, in 1731, he made Joseph and Ruth Airey his executors, and gave them his property in Sidgate, his two mills called "Chimney Mills," with the houses, fields, &c., in the Castle Leazes, his books and papers, and all his real and personal estate. Joseph Airey left no family, and his widow, dying in 1767 (buried at All Saints', November 8), bequeathed £200 to the Unitarian Church and the Charity School. Thomas Airey was coalfitter to Lord Ravensworth. He was buried at All Saints', February 1, 1771. His son, Joseph, a banker in partnership with Ralph Carr, of Dunston Hill, was one of three or four persons who originated Newcastle Infirmary, and was the first treasurer of the institution. Another son, Henry, followed his father's calling of a coalfitter, and resided at Benwell, while a third, Jonathan Airey (named after his relative, Jonathan Hutchinson), was a coalfitter like his

father, and one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, of which company he filled, in 1765, the honourable post of Master. It was in Thomas Airey's family that the manuscript "Life" of Barnes was preserved. A curious correspondence respecting it, edited by Mr. George Noble Clark, surgeon, forms No. 82 of the publications of the Newcastle Typographical Society. Brand had borrowed the MS. for his "History of Newcastle," and in the preface to that work he acknowledges his indebtedness to "Jonathan" Airey. Ten years after the history was published, John, son of Henry Airey, of Benwell, wrote to Brand asking for the return of the document. He informed the historian that Jonathan Airey, his uncle, had nothing to do with the MS., or the lending of it; that it belonged to his father, Henry Airey, who had entrusted it to Alderman Hornby for Brand's use, and that the thanks to his uncle were misplaced. Brand replied that he conceived the memoirs had been lent by Jonathan Airey to Mr. Saint (printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Courant*), who in turn lent them to him; that the MS. had followed him to London in one of his boxes, and had narrow escapes of being taken by the French and lost in a storm; that he would return it by Mr. Robert Punshon, then in London, if Messrs. Henry and Jonathan Airey would request him to do so in a joint letter acknowledging that the ascription of proprietorship to the latter was a mistake. There Mr. Clark's pamphlet left the question, and all that was known was that the MS. came back to Newcastle, and was given by John Airey to the Rev. William Turner. But in 1885 the present writer became the owner of Brand's own copy of his history, and there, fastened to the preface, as Brand may have placed it eighty-eight years before, was a receipt for the MS. in the following words:—

Sir,—Be pleased to deliver the MS. you had from Mr. Brand to Mr. Henry Airey, who lent it to him, and I have no business with it.—Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. [JONATHAN] AIREY.

Newcastle, 19th June, 1796.

Received the above mentioned book for my father,  
Mr. H. Airey. JOHN AIREY.

Rt. Punshon, Esq.

One of Jonathan Airey's sons became a famous soldier in the Peninsular War, and rose to the position of Sir George Airey. He was born in Newcastle about 1760, and went to the Royal Grammar School. The Rev. Hugh Moises was head master then, and young Airey received the severe but manly training which Mr. Moises gave to his scholars throughout his career. His school-days ended at a most eventful time. Europe was ablaze, fighting against Bonaparte, and the military spirit predominated in all ranks of society. George Airey was caught by it, and with thousands of other British youths desired nothing so much as to go out and fight Napoleon. Jonathan Airey did not, apparently, discourage his son's aspirations, and, in 1779, the great-great-grandson of Ambrose Barnes entered the service as ensign in the 91st Foot. Promotion was rapidly gained in those days of

conflict, and, after a few months' experience in the West Indies, where he showed both tact and courage, he was sent out to the Mediterranean with an important command. The French were besieging Porto Ferrajo, the capital of the island of Elba, and George Airey was appointed commander of the British troops there. He held the town against the besiegers until the peace of Amiens in 1802, when Ferrajo was evacuated, and then, his occupation being gone for a time, he returned to England. But the peace of Amiens proved to be only a temporary adjustment, and in 1803 England had to grapple alone with her implacable foe. Lieutenant-Colonel Airey was sent as military secretary with General Fox to Gibraltar, and acted for a time as Adjutant-General in Sicily. Whilst there, his old master, Mr. Moises, died, and he joined a number of old pupils in erecting the elegant monument in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, which preserves Mr. Moises's likeness, and the record of his scholastic attainments. From 1811 to 1813 Lieutenant-Colonel Airey commanded the Ionian Islands, and, when Napoleon had been finally crushed, he was appointed quartermaster-general to the forces in Ireland. He became colonel of the 39th Regiment in 1823, and ten years later, on the 18th February, after 54 years spent in the service of his country, he died in Paris. His son, known in our own time as Sir Richard Airey, the Crimean quartermaster-general, and afterwards as the first and last Baron Airey in the peerage of England, died September 14, 1881.

## The Maison Dieu, Newcastle.

**T**HE Hospital of Saint Katherine, or, as it was generally termed, the Maison Dieu or Maison de Dieu, was situated upon the Sandhill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the east of the Guildhall. It was founded by royal licence, June 10, 1412, by the celebrated Roger Thornton, for a warden (being a priest), nine poor men (brethren), and four poor women (sisters), who were to be provided with meat and clothing in this "House of God," where they should pray daily for the health of the mayor, sheriff, aldermen, and commonalty of Newcastle, and, after their respective deaths, for their souls, the souls of the father and mother of the founder, and of all the benefactors of the hospital.

Dedicated to Saint Katherine, the institution was also called Thornton's Hospital. Mackenzie and other historians inform us that Roger Thornton, by will dated 1429, bequeathed to this place, which he styles "The Meson-Dieu of St. Katherine of my foundation, for their enornments," twenty pounds. In 1456, the son of the founder granted to the Mayor and community the use of the hall and kitchen belonging to this hospital "for a young couple," says the Millbank

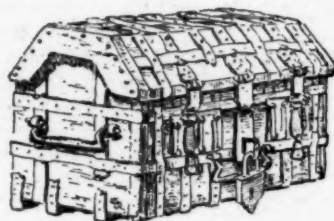
MS., "when they were married, to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends; for at that time houses were not large." The establishment was dissolved in the 37th year of the reign of Henry VIII., but the property still remained in the Thornton family.

In Speed's plan of Newcastle, the Maison Dieu is the only public place, or building, marked on the Sandhill. Grey, in his "Chorographia," printed in 1649, says that "the Merchants' Court was built upon the Maison Dieu."

The building was at a later period converted into warehouses; but in 1823 it was pulled down altogether. It was when the place was being demolished that T. M. Richardson made the sketch which is shown on the next page.

### The Hutch.

An old oak chest, or "hutch," was formerly kept in the Maison Dieu, in which money and valuables were placed for safe keeping. As an interesting relic of days gone by, a drawing of it (kindly lent us by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries) is here given. Bound with strong iron bands, and secured by a formidable padlock,



the hutch is a veritable "strong box." It is about four feet long, by nearly two feet broad, the height being about two feet, and may be seen any day in the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries at the Old Castle. So far as we can ascertain, the "hutch" has no individual history; it served its purpose, and is now relegated to the company of curiosities and antiquities.

The hutch derives its name from the French *huche*, a hutch, trough, meal-tub. It retains its name as such in France, where it now serves, as in England, for country people for keeping flour. In very early times, down to the 15th century, it was called a trunk (or *baht* in French). From that date, trunk and hutch seem to have been synonymous. In the Middle Ages no chamber was without its trunk. In it was enclosed either clothing, silver, linen, or precious objects. It served at times as a table or bench, and formed, with the cupboard, press, and the bedstead, the principal piece of furniture of rich as

well as poor people. In the dependencies of churches, such as sacristies, chapter-houses, friars' vestries, trunks were placed. There were enclosed in them hangings, tapestries, curtains destined for the decoration of choirs on festive or solemn days, parchments, charts, Acts, &c.

The most ancient trunks are strongly bound with wrought iron, often forged with great luxury, the wood being covered with skins or well-painted linen cloth. The ordinary fixed trunk was a long coffer, placed upon four short legs, furnished with one or more locks, according to the preciousness of the objects enclosed. The trunk was a coffer, hutch, bench, sometimes a bed press, and treasury, and it was the most common piece of furniture in the Middle Ages. In the 13th century, the "Huchers" formed part of the corporation of carpenters, for whom there were special regulations. There is a large number of these chests (cists), trunks, or

hutches still preserved in the kingdom, and an immense number in France. The plainer or massive ones, bound with iron, are not unfrequently seen in the offices of solicitors. The richer ones, beautifully panelled and carved in their fronts, are found in vestries of churches. There is a fine one in the old church at Alnwick, and I have an exquisite one, which I rescued from being used as a bacon chest at Thropton, which had formerly contained vestments at Brinkburn Priory. Lincolnshire abounds with them in farm-houses and the like, where they are used as blanket chests, whence many of them are being bought by old furniture-dealers for sale.

The hutch now in the Old Castle contained, no doubt, some of the documents or precious things belonging to the Maison Dieu.

FRED. R. WILSON,  
Author of "The Churches of Lindisfarne," &c.



THE MAISON DIEU, NEWCASTLE, 1823.

## A North Shields Mystery.

**N**ORTH Shields has often been the scene of mysterious disappearances. Its commanding view of the German Ocean appears to have exerted an irresistible fascination over the fancy of successive generations, while its activity and prosperity in shipping business must at all times have given this fascination an exceedingly practical turn in the shape of allurements to fortune-hunters. Being from the earliest times the resort and lounging-place of Jack ashore, it was inevitable that tales of the sea and of the distant lands teeming with wealth and wonders should often complete the enchantment already at work in youthful minds. Many a tender-hearted mother has had to mourn the long absence, and some the utter loss, of runaway boys, who had secretly nursed in their souls a passion for the sea, until it won the mastery over filial love and the strong attractions of home. For the most part, however, these scapegraces have either been heard of as dead, or have come back bronzed, hardy, brave, and sometimes successful. But of all the sudden and mysterious disappearances which have occurred within the memory of the living, none ever produced such a profound sensation, or gave rise to more painful surmise, than that of young Margetts sixty years ago.

### DISAPPEARANCE OF MARGETTS.

This young man was apprenticed to Dr. Greenhow, and had almost completed the terms of his probation, when the tragic occurrence took place of which an account is now to be given. He resided with the doctor in Dockway Square. He was of a steady, plodding, unromantic disposition, and had at no time displayed any of those flighty notions of a seafaring life which have led so many Shields boys to run away from home. In the middle of the night, between Wednesday and Thursday, 21st and 22nd February, 1827, Dr. Greenhow was summoned to attend a Mrs. G—, who had been taken suddenly ill. It was only a short distance—probably not more than eighty or a hundred yards—and it would have been practicable for the doctor to have made the distance shorter by passing through his own back premises. Having visited the woman, he returned to his surgery, made up a prescription, and awoke his apprentice to take the medicine to the ailing woman's house. Margetts hastily rose, and, it being dark, and the distance not great, he just drew on his trousers and coat carelessly, and ran out on his errand without hat or stock, slipshod and half awake. He delivered the medicine; but from that moment he was never again seen or heard of in North Shields. The morning had not far advanced when he was missed. Of course, inquiries were made at the patient's house, and resulted in the information that he had been there, but had not stayed a moment longer than was necessary. Naturally, both his employer and his parents, who lived

in the next street, were anxious to know what had become of him, but before long ugly whispers began to get abroad. It was a period of universal panic on account of the atrocities of Burke and Hare, and more than one circumstance pointed to the conclusion that he had suffered violence. Rumour begat rumour, and the brood of horrible imaginings speedily threw the whole town into the utmost excitement. As no syllable either of information or confession has ever reached the public, there is still, as at first, unlimited scope for the indulgence of fancy; but, from those who were alive and old enough at the time of the occurrence to know what passed in connection with it, we gather that there were three principal attempts to explain the mystery. To each of these solutions attaches its own set of facts or fancies for and against the supposition.

### DID HE RUN AWAY TO SEA?

This was the readiest guess in such a town as Shields, but beyond the general probability of a Shields boy making for the sea at one time or other there was nothing whatever to lead up to such an opinion. On the contrary, it was pointed out at the time that he had never indicated any special yearnings in this direction; and that, had he felt any such desire, there were daily and hourly opportunities of gratifying it without rushing off while on an errand of urgency, half dressed, hatless, bootless, watchless, and penniless. Further, it was considered a freak altogether out of keeping with his character, and there was absolutely nothing to sway him towards such a singular course. He stood well with his employer, was very nearly out of his time, and was greatly attached to his parents. Why should he take such a foolish frolic into his head? Some year or two after he was missed, there was a flying rumour that a letter had been received from him dated from some place in America, and giving an account of his well-doing. It was said that the letter attributed his disappearance to a sudden temptation. A vessel was lying in the river all ready to sail that day, and he took it into his head to go just as he was. Whether such a letter was ever received or not, the family of the missing man persisted in denying all knowledge of his whereabouts.

### WAS HE KIDNAPPED?

One report was that two suspicious persons had been seen hanging about the end of the street near the time he would be due at Mr. G—'s shop, and while this gave rise to one hypothesis, the two persons declaring themselves originated another and more serious suspicion. Taking the suppositions in the order of their rise, we are confronted first with the theory that the young man was kidnapped or pressed for naval service. England was not at that time engaged in any imperial war, so that it could not have been what is usually understood, by "pressing"; but it was no uncommon thing, if all stories are to be believed, for the crimping agents of the Hon. East India Company to kidnap likely men for service abroad. It was conjectured, then, that

the two persons noticed were part of an irregular press-gang, and that, having waylaid young Margetts and stunned him, they bore him off to some ship where he would lie under hatches until the hue-and-cry had died away. So plausible did this explanation appear to his friends and neighbours, and so firm was its hold on the public mind, that for years the East India Company's offices in Leadenhall Street were deluged with letters of inquiry, suggestion, or advice. And more than once in succeeding years there arose reports, more or less true, which seemed to lend some slight confirmation to this particular explanation. In vain did the officials of the Company repudiate all knowledge of such a man in their employment; in vain even did Sir George Grey, as President of the Board of Control, assure his teasing correspondents in the North that the matter had been thoroughly investigated, and that the name of Margetts was not to be found in any of the Company's registers. One likely-looking fact was more influential with public opinion than any amount of ministerial and official denial. News came that, along with Lady Sale, Sir George Lawrence, and others, an army surgeon named Macgrath had been captured by the Afghans, and the sanguine relatives of Margetts jumped to the conclusion that, under this slightly disguised name, their lost one had been found, only to be lost once more. After an interval of several years, when the mystery had assumed a very serious aspect for the family of the woman at whose house the lost one was last seen, tidings came that a returned soldier of the East India Company, residing in Carlisle, had seen Margetts in India. No time was lost in hunting up the Carlisle man. A meeting was forthwith organised by the principal inhabitants of North Shields, with the view of disabusing and quieting the public mind in reference to the obnoxious and suspected family of G—. At this meeting, the soldier from Carlisle stated that he had known Margetts in India, where he held the rank of army surgeon, and that they had talked together on the subject of his kidnapping. So far good. The people had almost sickened under the gloomy misgivings which pointed to a more tragic solution, and they were glad to accept assurance so positive, without troubling themselves to understand how Margetts had allowed his relatives to remain so long ignorant of his fate. But—wonder upon wonder, mystery upon mystery, and suspicion upon suspicion—this man not long afterwards wrote a letter to the papers confessing that he had trumped up the whole story, and that he had been offered £100, besides a fair daughter of the suspected family in marriage, to come forward, and, by means of falsehood, restore them to the shattered respect and confidence of their neighbours. This, then, leads directly to the last of the three suppositions.

WAS HE BURIED?

It will be remembered that two persons were said to have been seen loitering in the immediate locality of G—'s shop. These two were in all probability the man

and woman who afterwards came forward and stated that they saw Margetts enter the house, but that *he never came out*. When this terrible version of the mystery got abroad, there was indescribable excitement in the town, and several reports took wing which tended further to inculcate the family residing in the fatal house. It was told from one to another with bated breath how a little boy, the son of G—, had blurted out in school that "they had soon done for Margetts, and put him in a box." It was observed also, or rumoured, that Mrs. G—, who had been so seriously ill during the night, was up and about in the morning as if nothing had ailed her. The interpretation put upon all these things by a half-crazy public was that the sickness was a ruse, and that the young man, having entered the house, was suffocated, and his body despatched to the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh by those fearsome ministers of science known as "resurrection men." The feeling in the town became so exasperated against the supposed culprits that before very long they were in danger of their lives, and were compelled to flee the town. But, before leaving, Mr. G— brought two actions for defamation of character, in one of which he obtained £5 damages, and in the other £1. It must have been some time after this that the house was partly renovated, and, there being occasion to dig deep in the garden behind, a skeleton was discovered. This affair getting into the papers, revived all the old suspicion and horror; though a little reflection would have prevented or lessened the general agitation. If the bones found were those of Margetts, there was an end to the burking theory, for his body, according to that supposition, had been sent to Edinburgh; and what other possible motive could have induced anyone to murder a half-dressed young man out on an errand of mercy? Of course, the skeleton was duly examined, and was found to be that of a Newfoundland dog, which had been a great favourite with a former tenant, who had buried it in his garden. Reason or no reason, a perfect panic took possession of people in all grades of society. The house of G— was regarded as worse than haunted. While the perturbation was still at its height, an unfortunate wight came to reside in the town, and brought with him certain long boxes of ominous weight and shape. He got a man to help him in carrying them upstairs, and then adjourned to the nearest public-house in order to recompense the little service in the usual way. But baleful Panic had been before them. The publican was aghast with fright, and refused to draw them a glass of ale, and bade them begone for a couple of villainous murderers. The poor fellow, guessing the cause of this agitation, persuaded the publican and some of the quickly-gathered mob to inspect his boxes, and they were somewhat relieved to find that the contents were not clay-cold corpses, but machinery for spinning worsted. The fright-fever extended to the educated and well-to-do; at all events, after nightfall, hardly

any in the town could honestly declare exemption from the spell.

#### THE BEREAVED FAMILY.

The Margetts family naturally became the objects of the warmest sympathy, and, their humble station in life gave ample excuse for alms, they derived no little practical advantage from the romantic nature of their loss. After a time the fickle public got the notion that the family knew what had become of the lost one, but withheld the information lest the stream of charity should suddenly dry up. For this suspicion, however, there was no room in the actual facts of the case. The mother became completely insane. Day after day, she would make her way to a neighbouring ash-heap, and spend a considerable time in poking about for the slippers of her dead son. The father also sank into premature dotage and imbecility. One of the sons, fourteen years ago, was a lunatic pauper in the Tynemouth Workhouse. No light, however, has ever pierced the mystery from the day of its occurrence to the present hour.

#### "A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON."

By way of illustrating the feelings of the people, and as a proof that popular ballad-making on such theories was not confined to the "Bards of Seven Dials," we append a copy of a few verses written by William Patton, of Monk-seaton, and printed for the author by J. K. Pollock:—

Good people, to my tale give ear,  
Sad, shocking news you soon shall hear,  
For I have lost my darling son.  
Alas! alas! I am undone,  
I fear he is no more.

Could I once more behold his face,  
Which often shone on me with grace;  
But oh, alas! he is no more,  
And I am left for to deplore,  
For he is dead.

Dead do I say—can it be so?  
Then, after him I soon shall go,  
For I have done a mother's part,  
And this, I'm sure, will break my heart.  
Who can but feel for me?

Two ruffians stole my son away,  
'Twas on the twenty-second day,  
At five o'clock on Thursday morn.  
My heart! my heart! my son is gone,  
And now he is no more.

He with some medicine was sent,  
To cure the sick was his intent,  
When these two ruffians seiz'd their prey,  
They bound my son—took him away—  
And never yet was found.

Two persons saw these villains stand,  
But little thought what was in hand;  
The instant he had left the door  
They bound his hands—he spoke no more,  
For he is dead.

Oh! if these villains I could see,  
No human beings they could be;  
My tongue can't tell—my pen can't write  
The feelings which my mind excite,  
For my son is no more.

Now, with a mother share a part,  
And judge the feelings of my heart  
As I am left for to deplore  
My dearest son I'll see no more—  
I hope he's happy now.

## The Story of Park and Watt.

**T**HE accounts which every post brought from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1856-7 were truly heart-sickening. It seemed as if it had been intended to read a lesson to the world upon the state to which despotic government may bring a nation. Since the miseries endured by Rome under Caligula, hardly any case had occurred in which civilization had been outraged with such atrocity, or in which a people had been reduced to a condition of such extreme unhappiness. Every day wholesale arrests were made in the streets—arrests of men who had given the Government no other cause of suspicion than the fact that they belonged to the middle or upper and more intelligent class, and that they did not hold office under Ferdinand II. (otherwise King Bomba) or swell the ranks of his flatterers. No man's life or liberty was safe for a day. Public and private amusements were sus-

pending. No one went to the theatres, lest he should be arrested for some unconscious act or word, such as applauding or not applauding, which might be construed into treason by a police for ever on the watch to find criminals and to invent crimes. Nobody dared enter a coffee-house for a quarter of an hour to look at a journal or sip a cup of chocolate, lest the establishment should be closed in the meanwhile, and he himself be carried off to prison. The carnival, so joyous a festival in other Catholic countries, and in happier days a scene of festive riot and wild enjoyment in Naples itself, passed away under the Bourbon in the gloom and silence of a Puritan Sabbath. The prisons—more properly styled dungeons—were crowded, till the police had nowhere to stow any more captives away. The poor creatures were left there to rot, till such time as the tardy courts found leisure to try them, and in

most cases their trial, when it did take place, was a mere farce, like those before our own Judge Jeffreys at the Bloody Assize.

The course of misrule on which Ferdinand entered soon became so bad that his utter ruin seemed imminent. The grand idea of a United Italy, of which Mazzini was the chief apostle, and which Count Cavour was intriguing to bring about in a somewhat different fashion from that contemplated by the author of "The Duties of Man," became even more and more of a fixed principle and motive of action in the minds of all intelligent, honest Neapolitans; and it did not need much foresight to enable any one to predict that, whether by absorption into an Italian Republic or accession to the Kingdom of Sardinia, the Two Sicilies were doomed to a fundamental change of condition. More than one insurrection broke out, to be suppressed with difficulty; and several expeditions were planned and set afoot, from other parts of Italy, with or without the connivance of the Sardinian Government.

One of these expeditions was led by two daring friends of Mazzini, Pisacane and Nicotera. (Colonel Pisacane was afterwards shot, but Baron Nicotera became later a distinguished member of the Italian Parliament.) The adventurers sailed from Genoa on board the steamer *Cagliari*, belonging to a Genoese company, managed by Signor Robertini. The vessel was bound for Tunis, and had on board the Bey of Tunis's family doctor. The captain, a Genoese, had all his property in money and goods on board, and is said to have been ignorant of the design of the passengers to invade Naples. The chief and second engineers were two Englishmen, named respectively Henry Alexander Watt and Charles Park. These men knew nothing of any conspiracy. A few hours before leaving port, Pisacane discovered the nationality of the engineers, and, as he could not speak their language, he dictated to Miss Jessie Meriton White (now Madame Iron Mario) the following manifesto in Italian, which that lady translated into English, giving copies to the men to carry about them, in proof of their innocence, in case anything untoward should happen:—

We desire to avoid the shedding of blood. Our only object is to liberate our brothers from the horrible prisons of Bomba, King of Naples, so justly abhorred by the English. By assisting our efforts, you will acquire the consciousness of having done a good act, an act which will be approved by the two nations, Italian and English. You will also have the merit of preserving this vessel for your employers. All resistance is useless. We are resolved on accomplishing our enterprise, or on dying.

The following is an account, in Mr. Park's own words, of what happened on the voyage:—

On the night on which the rebels rose on board of the *Cagliari*, I was on deck with the captain. A number of men, dressed in red, suddenly appeared. "What is the matter?" I said; and, turning to one of the men, I asked, "What are you after?" "You will soon know," was the reply. I went and spoke to Watt, saying that something serious was going on, and told him that we must prepare for the worst. A letter was given to me, which, as it was dusk, I could scarcely read. It contained menaces against our lives if the machinery was not kept in perfect order, and we did not do our duty. I managed to decipher it, and read it to Watt. I was

followed down by five or six men, armed with pistols and daggers. They remained below, whilst another guard was placed above. On passing Admiral Lyons's fleet, fears were entertained that we might signal them, and additional precautions were taken, for we were not permitted to come up. When we approached Sapiri [on the Gulf of Policastro], we were told that we must join the revolutionists; but we answered that we were not fighting men, and that our duty was to manage the vessel. Later on the voyage, on seeing some Neapolitan vessels, the rebels thought that they had been betrayed, and counselled together to murder passengers and crew. Eleven were about to do so, but at this moment one of their number fell down in an apoplectic fit. It was regarded as an interposition of Providence; all fled to the boats. Some of the rebels came to me and asked how much coal we had on board. I told him a less quantity than we really had, and the answer was that I must make it, together with the wood, last so many hours, or we should be murdered. We were returning to Naples when we were captured. Our intention was to deliver ourselves up and state the whole case, for we had not coal enough to enable us to escape had we been disposed to do so. A Neapolitan officer came on board, and I delivered to him the letter which I had received from the rebels. He said, "You had better keep it for your exculpation." I went down and made a correct copy of it, and then gave the original to the officer. The copy was left in my cabin in the hurry of my arrest and removal.

Mr. Watt, it appears, was only the substitute of another man, who was kept at home by sickness; and he did not know any length of time beforehand that he would have to proceed on the voyage. This fact disposes of the question of any complicity he could have with the conspirators.

The object of the expedition, which embarked on the 5th of July, 1857, was to liberate the political prisoners confined on the island of Ponza, which object was effected. It was while returning to Naples that the *Cagliari* was captured by a Neapolitan war vessel on the high seas. On arriving at Naples, all on board, excepting the two Englishmen, were handcuffed and taken to prison. In the cell allotted to Park and Watt they were stripped naked, whilst other prisoners were looking through the iron bars which separated them from the new comers, laughing and joking at their expense. They were then examined and cross-examined with regard to the letters found upon them, and on which the accusation against them was afterwards based. The gaolers afterwards led them round chambers and cells fearful to look upon, and said that if any guilt was proved against them they would be put in these. Finally, they were confined in a separate cell, damp and dark, the only window there was being high up in the wall. During the hot summer weather, the stench was insufferable. For three months they were not even allowed to change their clothes. The prison fare was a soup which they could not drink, bread so hard and bad that they could not digest it, and a few beans. In fact, they were compelled to beg for money for their support from sympathisers outside. At their earnest entreaty they were put into another cell, and at length they were removed to Salerno to await their trial. They were handcuffed, and that severely, and bound by ropes round

their arms so tightly to each other that their flesh was black and blue for five days after. Watt, who was a strong man with much feeling, was very indignant; and in his agony he lost for a time the control of his reason. The poor fellow, while in this state, attempted his life with a razor. Blood flowed from the wound, and Park, who was in a nervous state, fell to the ground in a swoon. The captain of the *Cagliari* wrested the razor from Watt's hand, and thus saved his life. The effect of the close confinement, bad fare, and cruel treatment was such as to give a great shock to the constitutions of the men. Park became subject to violent palpitations of the heart, and was evidently affected in his head. He was bled, in consequence of his nervous sensitiveness, by the Bey of Tunis's doctor, who was his fellow-prisoner, and who believed he had thereby saved his life. Watt, also, was bled once, if not twice. Park, in his delirium, gave away a portion of his clothes among the prisoners, who were probably worse clad than himself.

Reports of the state of the English engineers oozed through the walls of the prison, and were sent in due course to the London papers by their Naples correspondents. The excitement caused by the news in this country was intense, particularly in Newcastle, to which town Mr. Watt belonged. Indignation meetings were held to demand the intervention of the English Government. One of these, convened by the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. Anthony Nichol, was held on the 23rd November, 1857, and was addressed by the late Sir John Fife, the late Dr. Newton, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jun., Mr. R. B. Reed, Mr. Robert Warden, Mr. Ralph Curry, Mr. Thomas Gregson, and others. The matter was frequently brought before Parliament, where Mr. George Ridley, then member for Newcastle, was foremost in pressing the subject upon the attention of Ministers. Indignant appeals were also made to the sense of the honour of England in the House of Commons by Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Headlam, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord John Russell. It was urged that the capture of the *Cagliari* on the high seas by Neapolitan cruisers was contrary to the law of nations, and that, whether or not, the continued imprisonment of the English engineers, without trial, was illegal. The unfortunate prisoners were still in confinement when the Government of Lord Palmerston, defeated on the Conspiracy Bill in 1858, gave place to that of Lord Derby. When fresh appeals were made in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli pleaded that the jurisdiction of the Neapolitan Government not having been disputed at first, they were precluded from opening the question now, and it seemed to him that all they could do was to take the most efficient steps to obtain prompt justice for their unfortunate countrymen. Mr. Roebuck characterised this language as unworthy of a British Minister. Mr. Gladstone took much the same ground, while Lord John Russell pointed out that, even if the capture of the engineers had been lawful, there

was no justification for the barbarities under which one man lost his health and the other his reason.

Mr. Park, the second engineer's father (who had removed with his family from Glasgow to Genoa when his son was about four years old), went to Naples himself, with letters from Lord Clarendon; and, after some little demur, got leave to visit the prisoners. He found them in one small room, about seven feet by twelve, five of them—viz., the two engineers, the captain and mate of the *Cagliari*, and the commander appointed by the insurgents. Three beds and a small table took up most of the floor, leaving a space of four feet square, on which they could walk, and which they had worn down with their footsteps. Mr. Park, who went in company with Mr. Acting-Consul Barber, the British Vice-Consul at Salerno, and two Neapolitan officials, was frightened at the pale, nervous, feverish, excited looks of the prisoners. The captain of the *Cagliari* seemed regularly broken down. He protested his perfect innocence. He had, he told the friendly visitors, a young wife and two children at Genoa—one having been born since his arrest—and they were in a state almost of destitution, for the bulk of his property, with which he meant to trade, had been on board his ship, and was now in the hands of the Neapolitan Government.

Forced to vigorous steps by public opinion, and by the tone and attitude of many of their staunchest supporters, the British Government at length interfered in a more spirited way; and the result of a note delivered to the Neapolitan Court was the immediate liberation of Watt whose mind had been most dangerously affected, and an assurance that the trial of Park should proceed with all possible despatch, in order that he might speedily be set at liberty and enabled to return to England with his fellow-prisoner. The poor fellows were only released after seven months of horrible torture.

The opinion of the Crown lawyers was then taken, and they were unanimous in declaring that the detention and imprisonment of Park and Watt was illegal. In consequence of this, the Government, "after full deliberation," addressed a despatch to the Minister of the King of Naples, Signor Carafa, demanding compensation for the grievances which had been experienced by our two countrymen. An unsatisfactory answer having been received, the Earl of Malmesbury, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, forwarded a second despatch, in which he declared that, if the Neapolitan Government persisted in its refusal of compensation to the engineers, England would resort to reprisals, and would immediately place an embargo on Neapolitan vessels. The result was that Signor Carafa, after consultation with the King at Gaeta, where his Majesty then was, accepted unconditionally the proposals of England. The following despatch was then sent to Lord Malmesbury:—

Naples, June 8th, 1858.

My Lord,—In reply to the letter which your Excellency has done me the honour of addressing to me, under the date of the 25th of May last, I hasten to acquaint you

that the Government of the King, my august master, has never imagined, or been able to imagine, that it could find means to oppose the forces which the Government of her Britannic Majesty has at its disposal. Setting out from the point suggested by the tenor of the said letter, that the affair of the Cagliari, as your Excellency clearly expresses it, "can to no one be of greater importance than to Great Britain," the Neapolitan Government finds that it has neither any argument to propound nor any opposition to make to it. I have the honour of informing your Excellency that the sum of three thousand pounds sterling, paid into the mercantile house of Pook (*sic*), is at the disposal of the English Government. As far as concerns the men forming the crew of the Cagliari, now under trial before the Grand Criminal Court of Salerno, and the Cagliari herself, I have it in my power to announce to you that the men and the vessel are at the disposal of M. Lyons; they are consigned to him, their departure will depend on him, and orders have been given to the competent authorities. This being settled, the Government of his Sicilian Majesty has no need to accept any mediation, and it delivers up everything to the absolute will of the British Government.—I have the honour to be, with the highest consideration, your Excellency's most devoted and obliged servant,

CARAFÀ.

This satisfactory termination left no diplomatic question open between England and Naples.

Within a few weeks of the surrender of the Cagliari, and the compulsory release of the innocent prisoners, the judges received instructions no longer to defer the trial of the insurgents. According to the letter of the law, the leaders of the enterprise alone had become liable to capital punishment; but the king had determined to make a theatrical display of his merciful disposition, and so the Court of Salerno was ordered to sentence seven of the prisoners to death, that their doom might be afterwards ostentatiously commuted. Which it was.

Mr. Watt, who was a young man of twenty-five when the capture of the Cagliari took place, is now living with his sister, Mrs. Innis, Percy Street, Newcastle. Although his physical health is still good, his relatives declare that his mind has really never recovered from the effects of the ill-treatment he received at the hands of the agents of King Bomba thirty years ago. As to Mr. Park, he was by last accounts continuing his occupation as engineer at one of the Italian ports.

### Spotty's Hole.

FROM a little to the north of Hartlepool to a little to the north of Sunderland, the East Coast of Durham is broken or indented by deep ravines locally called "denes," or, when they are small, "gills." Castle Eden Dene is famous all over the North of England; but Roker Gill, in the parish of Monkwearmouth, three-quarters of a mile to the north of Sunderland Harbour, has not attained more than a parochial celebrity, and that much only in connection with a now somewhat dubious and almost mythical personage called Spotty.

But, first of all, who was Spotty? Incredulous people are to be found who daringly say with Betsy Frig that

"there never was no such person." Sir Cuthbert Sharp observes in a note to the song called "Spottee" in his "Bishoprick Garland":—"Spottee was a poor lunatic, who lived in a cave between Whitburn and Sunderland, which still retains the name of Spottee's Hole." Garbutt, in his "History of Sunderland," says:—"The name of Spotty's Hole, by which this place is now generally distinguished, is derived from a foreigner who, some years ago, having probably left some vessel in the harbour, took up his residence in this dreary abode. Being unable to speak the English language, his daily subsistence was gained among the farm-houses in the neighbourhood, where he endeavoured to make himself understood by means of signs, and was known by the name of Spotty, on account of the variegated spots on his upper garment." Tradition and probability, according to the late Mr. W. Weallands Robson, are on the side of Garbutt, who, so far, is right, and Sir Cuthbert wrong.

Spotty was, in fact, a vagabond of the Lascar genus. But Garbutt is as far wrong himself as Sir Cuthbert when he goes on to add:—"Having lived for some time in this subterraneous habitation, he suddenly disappeared, and was supposed either to have died suddenly, or, by advancing too far into the cavern, to have fallen a prey to foul air." That Spotty suddenly disappeared is beyond doubt, but whether he died suddenly and prematurely, or whether he died a lingering death at the close of the ordinary span of life, nobody ever pretended to be able to say. One thing is very certain, that he did not die in his hole, where his body might and would have been found, and it is now quite clear that, for the very best of all possible reasons, he could not have advanced so far into the cavern as to have fallen a prey to foul air. The truth was that Spotty kindled a fire at the mouth of his hole to keep himself warm. Wood was then and long afterwards plentiful enough on the beach just above high-water mark, and the glare of Spotty's fire, being mistaken for the light of the town, lured a small ship to its destruction, upon which Spotty prudently disappeared.

On the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the most absurd and exaggerated ideas were formed of the extent of Spotty's Hole. Nobody knew exactly how far it did, or rather did *not*, go, and therefore everybody felt free to make it go as far as he pleased. Some had it that it was a subterranean passage to the ancient monastery of Monkwearmouth; others would have it that it went as far as Hylton Castle; and probably, if the notion had been suggested, we would soon have had it going all the way to Jarrow, or to Finchale, or to Durham Abbey. It actually went nowhere at all! Garbutt gravely says:—"This secret way, which most probably has been wrought by the monks, with a view of eluding their enemies in times of invasion or civil commotion, was some time ago partially explored by three of the inhabitants of Monkwearmouth. After they had advanced a little way from the entrance, they found

the passage perfectly good, in general allowing them to walk upright, and entirely hewn out of the limestone rock, with which this place is surrounded. Having proceeded a considerable distance in the direction of the site of the monastery, without meeting with any considerable impediment, they thought it prudent to return, on account of the danger of coming in contact with foul air, to which they might have been exposed by a further progress." Alas for the credit of veracious history! In all human probability, the three faint-hearted or vain-glorious inhabitants of Monkwearmouth thought it most prudent never to go in at all. Their whole story was a fib, or a fiction, or a fancy, as much so as Don Quixote's account of the Cave of Montesinos.

When the present Sir Hedworth Williamson succeeded to his patrimonial estate, he unfortunately resolved to test the truth of the stories he had heard in the nursery: so the worthy baronet employed some men to explore the cavern. They "howked" a little marl out to facilitate their entrance, and soon brought their labours to an end—with the end of the cavern! The romance of the place was destroyed directly. The unfathomable aperture, the secret way wrought by the monks, turned out to be nothing else than an ordinary natural fissure in the rock, not very much more than would have fitted it for the burrow of a badger or the earth of a fox!



The present appearance of Spotty's Hole may be gathered from the accompanying sketches of it. Our artist was informed that the cavern is used as a sort of store-house for something or other. But the whole character of the neighbourhood has lately been changed. Roker Gill now forms part of Roker Park, while a substantial new bridge across the ravine has been constructed to afford an easier mode of communication between Whitburn and Sunderland than formerly existed.

We subjoin the song which Sir Cuthbert Sharp printed

in the "Bishoprick Garland." The Jacob Spenceley mentioned in it was an ancestor of the late Captain Burne of Bishopwearmouth, who married one of the Allans of Blackwell Grange. He was a man of considerable property in Sunderland, some of which descended to, and was sold by, Captain Burne. The name of Spenceley is still preserved in Spenceley's Lane, otherwise called Bet Cass's Entry. Laird Forster we take or conjecture to have been either Alderman Forster, the owner of a good deal of land at Whitburn which was inherited by his nephew, Mr. Thomas Barnes, or some predecessor in name and estate of Alderman Forster. "Floater's flood" is the local name of a great flood which carried away Floater's Mill, near Houghton. The "carcasses" spoken of were the wood-work of which the North Pier of Sunderland Harbour was built, and which was replaced by stone some forty or fifty years ago. Sir Cuthbert Sharp, Knight, the preserver of the song, was Collector of Customs at Sunderland, and afterwards at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he died in 1849.

The following note prefaces the song in the "Bishoprick Garland":—"This curious ditty is printed from a copy found in the papers of the late Thomas Clerke, Esq., of Sunderland (and possibly written by him). He was a gentleman of powerful convivial talents, and the author of several spirited and anacreontic songs which are now attributed to others. He was a cheerful member of society, and his poetical contributions were remarkable for their ready wit and sparkling humour. His 'Sons of the Wear' is bold and enlivening, his 'Musical Club' is full of good-natured point and playful fancy, and his 'Ode to Silver Street' is a pungent and lively portrait."

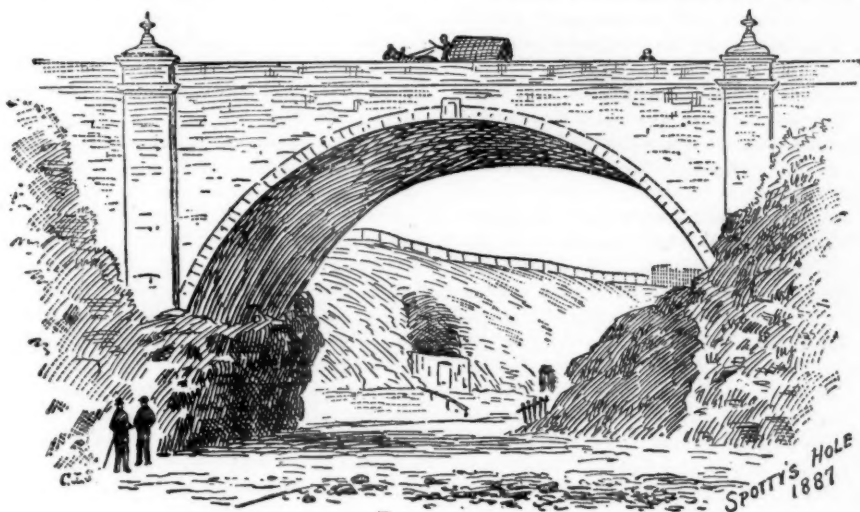
And now for the song itself:—

Come all ye good people and listen to me,  
And a comical tale I will tell unto ye,  
Belanging yon Spottee that lived on the Law Quay,  
That had nowther house nor harbour he.  
The poor auld wives o' the north side disn't know what  
for te de,  
For they dare not come to see their husbands when they  
come to the Quay;  
They're feared o' their sel's, and their infants, tee,  
For this roguish fellow they call Spottee.  
But now he's gane away unto the sea-side,  
Where mony a one wishes he may be washed away wi' the  
tide,  
For if Floutter's flood come, as it us'd for te de,  
It will drive his heart out—then where will his midred be?  
The poor auld wives o' Whitburn disn't know what for te  
de,  
For they dar not come along the sands, wi' their lang tail  
skates in their hands, to Jacob Spenceley's landing,  
as they us'd for te de,  
They dare not come along the sands, wi' their swills in  
their hands,  
But they're forced to take a coble, and come in by the sea.  
As Laird Forster was riding along the sands,  
As he or any other gentleman might de,  
Spottee cam' out, his tanter-wallups did flee,  
His horse teuk the boggle, and off flew he.  
He gathers coals in the day-time, as he's well-known for  
te de,  
And mak's a fire on i' the neet, which kests a leet into the  
sea.

Which gar'd the poor Sloopy cry, "Helem a-lee,"  
And a back o' the carcasses com poor she.  
"Alack and a well-a-day," said the maister, "what shall  
we do?"  
"Trust to Providence," said the mate, "and we're sure to  
get free;"  
There was a poor lad that had come a trial vaige to sea,

His heart went like a pair o' bellows, and he didn't know  
what for te do.

Johnny Usher, the maister, wad ha' carried him away,  
But the ship's company swore deel be their feet if they  
wad with him stay;  
We'll first forfeit our wages, for ganging to sea,  
Before we'll gan wi' that roguish fellow they call Spottee.



SPOTT'S HOLE, BOKER GILL, SUNDERLAND.

*From a Special Sketch.*

## Andrew Mills.

**T**HE story of Andrew Mills is one of the oldest and most generally known traditions of the North. While retaining a place in local history, it has never ceased to interest the popular mind. Resting on a firm basis of fact, it has, however, been covered over by fiction till the original elements of the story are scarcely discernible among the contributions of time. That such a tragedy did take place is beyond a doubt. The stone in the churchyard of Merrington, the entry in the parish register, and the united testimony of many competent historians, combine to prove the fact that a person of weak mind, named Andrew Mills, in January, 1683, murdered the son and two daughters—the whole family of John and Elizabeth Brass—while the parents were absent on a Christmas visit. That the murderer was executed, and then hung in chains, is likewise a fact about which the authorities are agreed. The rest of the tradition varies according to the fancy of the narrators. In what follows we have adhered to the main current of the legend, filling out what is imperfect, and arranging the circumstances so as to satisfy the requirements of common sense.

The scene of the tradition is situated in the County of

Durham, not far from Bishop Auckland. In the parish of Merrington, in the year 1683, John Brass, and Margaret Brass, his wife, occupied the Hill House, and farmed the land adjacent. Let us suppose that theirs had been a prosperous life—that children had followed wedlock, that seed-time and harvest had come in their seasons, and that cattle and means had increased. At the time when our story opens, let us imagine that their son John, aged 18, had come to be of use on the farm—that one hand less was consequently required, and one yearly wage was saved in the cultivation of the fields. We still continue our hypothesis. At one time old Brass had to employ a hired hand to do the work which his son was now able to perform, and in his later years his own labours were lightened and his own heart cheered by the presence of immediate help from one of his own blood. Nor was Mrs. Brass less fortunate in her household affairs. The eldest daughter, Jane, was now twenty years of age, and well fitted to play a woman's part in the peculiar work which then fell to a woman's share. While an adept in the duties of the kitchen, she would occasionally lend a hand to business which more particularly pertained to the male portion of the household. She was all the more apt to concern herself in these matters from the fact that her brother manifested a weak and easy

character. He was valuable in carrying out orders which he was able to perform, but he could neither devise nor execute on his own account. The father was blind to his faults—indeed, rather liked them—for few fathers in those days, any more than in the present, cared to see a spirit in their sons which too soon showed itself independent of parental control. With more force of character than her brother, and less partiality than her sire, Jane, with a woman's instinct, divined the state of matters and acted accordingly. There was, moreover, a dash of the heroic in her nature, combined, as it often is, with a full flow of animal spirits, rendered brighter by perfect health, and made temptingly beautiful by an archness of manners which tantalised the young farmers who spent evenings at the Hill House. Jane was not long to waste her young years in single wretchedness, looking after her mother's dairy and making the farm-house bright and clean—a beacon to all the young swains of the neighbourhood. She had already given her heart and hand to one who was worthy of both. The anticipated break-up in the household, while a cause of somewhat tearful joy, was not looked upon as approaching desolation, principally for the very practical reason that Mrs. Brass had another daughter, Elizabeth, aged eleven, gradually coming up to take the place of her who was soon to enter upon a new world of interests and responsibilities. Elizabeth was a lively rural maiden, somewhat saucy, as maidens about her years generally are, but kind-hearted and wise above her years. These three, with the parents and a servant lad of some eighteen or nineteen summers, formed the household of the Brasses. The servant lad, the Andrew Mills aforesaid, was reckoned quiet and inoffensive, and was credited at the same time with deficiency of intellect and a partial derangement of that which he had. Mills and Elizabeth took kindly to each other. She humoured his fancies, and seldom tried to irritate him, as the others of the household and casual visitors would sometimes do. Although quiet when let alone, he was wild enough when in anger, and when in this mood a dangerous light flashed from his usually dull eye. But exhibitions of temper were few and far between, and he was never so sullen or so fierce that Elizabeth could not lure him into peacefulness, and engage him in some girlish game.

Christmas came with its hallowed festivities. Merrington had taken its part in the general enjoyment. And Christmas festivities in those days were something to be talked of for a twelvemonth. At one time Christmas was observed in England—not as now on one hurried day snatched from the fleeting moments of a year rushing past at lightning speed—but a whole decent week or two was quietly appropriated to spend and be spent in social communion. The people of the Hill House farm were, we should imagine, no exception to the general rule. Mr. and Mrs. Brass valued the sweet uses of hospitality, and joined heartily in the good customs of the period. Besides,

Mr. Brass loved well a talk over farming matters along with his brethren in agriculture; and at that time, when Charles II. was drawing near his end, when nobles were being executed every day and plots discovered every hour, there was much to engage men's minds round the social board, although the rate at which news travelled was excessively slow, and people in rural districts were, as a rule, a few months behind events.

One evening, about the 26th or 28th of January, 1683, the good couple left home to attend one of their neighbourly festivities. The two daughters, the son, and the servant lad Mills remained in the house. What followed is buried in the deepest mystery. No account could be got of the matter but that furnished by Mills in his confession as to the part he took in the fearful tragedy. The only thing definitely known is the fact that before the unhappy parents returned their whole family had been murdered by the half-witted creature who had been hitherto considered so inoffensive. He gave no motive for his crime beyond declaring that he had done all at the suggestion of the devil. He appears by one tradition to have chased the two sisters and their brother into an inner room, whither they had run expecting to escape his fury. Reason would say that the son and eldest daughter should have been something like a match for one younger—or, at least, not older—than themselves, had not alarm unnerved them. The son, true to the character we have given him, stood aloof from the struggle till his more heroic sister was murdered and his own turn came to die. Once inside the room, the first thought was how to secure the door, so that the maniac should not follow. The elder daughter is here credited with an act of most determined heroism which well justifies our estimate of her character. No bolt being available, she thrust her arm through the capacious staples, and thus barred the approach of the murderer for a time. One can well appreciate, and shudder while the thought is present, the feeling of the few fearful moments which sufficed to break the poor girl's arm and burst open the door which stood between the family and death. The door once open, and Andrew's principal antagonist so maimed that further resistance was fruitless, the elder girl and the son were immediately killed. A gleam of his old favour for the little girl, Elizabeth, seems to have shone through the madness of the moment, and he spared her life at least till she had time to plead for mercy. With artless simplicity, and with a wisdom quite precocious amidst such a scene of terror, she promised him bread, butter, sugar, and toys, if he would not take her life. He left her disarmed of his evil intentions; but, as he said himself, the devil again met him in the passage, and the words, "*Kill all! Kill all!*" so rung in his ears that he returned to the fatal chamber, dragged the poor child from below the bed where she had hid herself, and finished his work by dashing out her brains. One account says Mills made no attempt to escape, but remained

among his mangled victims till their parents returned; another tradition says he ran to Ferryhill, where his wild appearance and incoherent statements caused him to be arrested; and a third relates that he met the parents at the place where he was afterwards gibbeted, and at a spot where the horse on which the couple rode was so terrified by the unearthly howlings of dogs and screechings of owls that the animal had refused to proceed further on its way home. Here Mills is said to have been seized by some troopers on their march from Darlington to Durham.

Whatever truth there may be in the story of his arrest, there is no doubt the wretched Andrew was arrested, tried, executed, and hung in chains on what was at that time a common about a mile and a half to the north of Ferryhill. Justice in those days required the criminal to suffer in full view of the scene of his crime, and in the case of Mills the requirement seems to have been rigidly carried out. Juries in the seventeenth century were not so humane as they are now. Were an Andrew Mills of our time to murder a family and lay the blame on the devil, there are not twelve men in England who would agree to hang the murderer. He would be immediately voted insane, and kept from doing mischief to his fellow-creatures during the rest of his natural life. And there cannot be a doubt that ours is the better plan. The execution of Mills seems to have been more instrumental in making him famous than the fact of the triple murder. It is around his gibbet that most of the romance of the story hangs.

Popular tradition has it that the poor sinner was suspended alive—that day after day, as life ebbed fast and hunger grew keen, his cries of agony were heard for miles adjacent, till the people about Ferryhill and the neighbouring hamlets abandoned their homes, unable to bear his piteous wailing, and only returned when death had silenced his voice and assuaged his sufferings. It is said likewise that Andrew's life was prolonged by the kind offices of a sweetheart, who nightly fed him with milk through the iron cage in which his limbs were bound. And, still further to pile up the agony, one story relates how a loaf of bread was placed within his reach, but with an iron spike so arranged that it entered his throat every time he endeavoured to allay the pangs of hunger. One wonders how such tales of ingenious cruelty could originate. Edgar Allan Poe and the Spanish Inquisition could scarcely have been more fertile in devising means of human torture. It is needless to say that all these tales are, without exception, false. Yet Andrew Mills, on account of his deeds, and still more on account of his fabled sufferings, is a name to conjure by in Durham even to the present day. Foolish mothers frighten refractory children by mention of the long dead and half-crazed creature's name. They impress upon the "young idea" that its dreaded owner can be at any time called from his long sleep to punish disobedience or compel the performance of disagreeable tasks. Nothing could

prove more conclusively than this the strong hold which the tradition still retains on the minds of the people. Even the remains of the gibbet were pressed into the service of surviving humanity. A portion of the erection, known as "Andrew Mills's Stob," remained standing for many years. Splinters taken from it were supposed to be instrumental in removing such serious troubles as ague, toothache, and similar ailments. This being the case, it was not to be expected that a source of so much value in removing the ills which flesh is heir to would be left unvisited, or allowed to stand without being robbed of the virtues which it was supposed to possess. Nevertheless the tough old stick held out to the last, and did not succumb to the suffering and credulous persons who used it, till Mr. Laverick, who purchased the property, removed it bodily—report sayeth not where.

Some light is thrown upon the tragedy by the table monument in Merrington Churchyard, which bears the following inscription:—

Here lie the Bodies of  
John, Jane, and Elizabeth, children  
of John and Margaret Brass,  
who were murdered the 28th of Jan., 1633,  
by Andrew Mills, their father's servant,  
for which he was executed and hung in chains.

Reader, remember, sleeping  
We were slain;  
And here we sleep till we must  
Rise again.  
"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his  
blood be shed."  
"Thou shalt do no murder."

Restored by subscription in 1789.

Another tomb in Merrington Churchyard records the death of the mother, Margaret Brass, in 1703, and of the father, John Brass, in 1722. The inscription is rather quaint, and may be transcribed as follows:—

1703. Margaret Brass, wife of John Brass.  
In peace therefore lie downe will I  
Taking my rest and sleep  
For Thou only wilt me, O Lord,  
Alone in safety keep.  
Dun By Me, A. Kay.  
Here lieth the body of John Brass of Ferryhill,  
who departed this life Jan. 22nd day 1722.

Although it is stated on the tombstone of the murdered family that it was restored by subscription, it is well known that this work was done at the expense of Mr. George Wood, Senior Proctor of the Consistory Court of Durham, who died in 1799. Surtees, in a foot-note in his "History of Durham," says:—"He restored Brass's tomb, though he chose to state that it was done by parochial subscription, and he gave the old parish register a gallant new cover of Russia, wisely considering that a good coat sometimes saved an honest man from neglect."

The inscription on the monument to the children indicates a belief that they were killed in their sleep; but

neither tradition nor the following extract from "Bee's Diary" would appear to bear it out:—

Jan. 25, 1683.—A sad cruell murther committed by a boy about eighteen or nineteen years of age, nere Ferry-hill, nere Durham, being Thursday at night. The maner is by report:—When the parents were out of dores, a young man, being sonne to the house and two daughters, was kil'd by this boy with an axe, having knockt ym in ye head, afterwards cut their throats; one of ym being asleep in ye bed, about ten or eleven years of age; the other daughter was to be married at Candlemas. After he had killed the sonne and the eldest daughter, being above twenty years of age, a little lass, her sister, about ye age of eleven years, being in bed alone, he drag'd her out in bed and killed her alsoe. This same Andrew Millns, alias Miles, was hang'd in irons upon a gybett near Ferry-hill, upon the 15th day of August, being Wednesday this year, 1683.

As no quarrel or provocation, or other motive, was ever known to have instigated the murder, Surtees asks the question whether it is not likely that jealousy may have had some share in producing the horrible catastrophe. "Andrew Mills," he says, "was alone with the girl who was to be married at Candlemas; and, during this nocturnal conference, might not his sleeping passions have been roused into madness by some rejection or disappointment?" In the first place, however, it nowhere appears that Mills and the girl were alone at any "nocturnal conference," and if jealousy had had any part in the tragedy, the fact has been entirely overlooked by all the traditions on the subject.

It is right and necessary to add that the names of the murdered Brasses in the parish register of Merrington show them to have been respectively of the ages which we have indicated at the beginning of this paper:—"Jane, daughter of John Brass, of Ferrihill, baptised Feb. 22, 1662; John, ye sonne, &c., Aug. 29, 1665; Elizabeth, daughter, &c., 1672." W. S.

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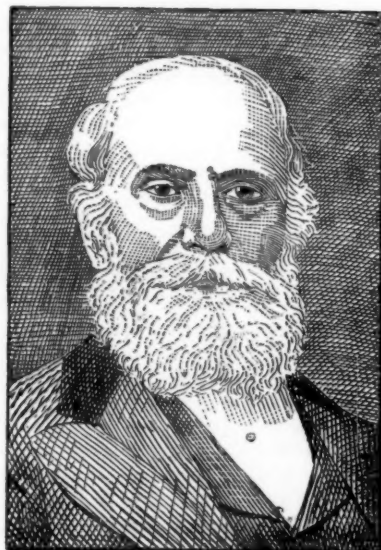
## Old Newcastle Booksellers.

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### JAMES WATSON.

James Watson came from London (where he was born, educated, and served his apprenticeship) to Newcastle about the year 1848. He was, we believe, a cork-cutter to business; but, shortly after coming to the North, he opened a book-stall in the Green Market, with a very small stock-in-trade. However, he was not a likely man to remain satisfied with his small stock and little business. He soon let it be known that he did not intend to devote all his energies to the retailing of old books. He was a keen politician, an energetic platform speaker, well read and intelligent. He was a Chartist, as a matter of course, and his services were in constant demand for public meetings, not only in Newcastle, but in the neighbouring towns and villages. Forty years ago, the demand for political reform was universal. Quiet, moderate men, who could not go as far as the Charter, freely admitted the necessity of lowering the franchise, as well

as abolishing the many abuses of that time. Mr. Watson, however, was not a moderate man, at least not in that sense. He employed his bitter, sarcastic tongue in denouncing the Government, and in demanding the most radical changes. He was most thoroughly in earnest, although his fame as an agitator helped him greatly in his business. He made many friends in the colliery villages, and the pitmen, not unmindful of his services, gave him their custom freely. At that time, if the penny daily paper was not in existence, there were publications of a high class, though at a low price, pleading the cause of the working man. Such writers as George Julian Harney, Thomas Cooper, Ernest Jones, and other intellectual giants, were eagerly read, and their works were always to be found on Mr. Watson's stall.



*James Watson*

His business extended; he added largely to his stock of books; and, being a careful, thrifty man, he soon placed himself beyond the reach of want, and in what are called comfortable circumstances. But he did not, as many do, become more Conservative as he advanced in prosperity. About twenty years ago Mr. Watson retired from his bookstall in the Market, and took a shop in Blackett Street (now occupied by Johnston Brothers). Here he conducted a news agency and general bookselling and stationery business, and with such success that he was enabled in a few years to retire to the pleasant village of Gosforth on a handsome competence. Here he enjoyed his well-earned leisure for some time; but he was suddenly seized, for the first time in his life, we believe, by severe illness. This

necessitated a most peculiar and very severe operation, which only a man of strong, robust constitution could have survived. Mr. Watson recovered, and for a short time seemed almost himself again. What he had undergone, however, had been too much even for his strong frame, and his long and useful life was brought to a close on March 27, 1883, at the age of 68. Mr. Watson's business made him acquainted with the more thoughtful and studious class of workmen; but none had a better knowledge than he of the North-Country pitman. He was to be seen, every pay Saturday at least, surrounded by a knot of eager talkers and listeners. Several years ago, when talking with a London journalist, Mr. Watson told him that his best customers for really good books, and more especially mathematical works, were miners. This found its way into nearly all the London papers—even the mighty *Times* itself—and occasioned some astonishment and comment, especially amongst those who believed that Geordie's only recreations were pitch and toss, his bull-dog, and his "bool." Many young men who afterwards filled high positions were indebted to Mr. Watson for advice and counsel as to the employment of their scanty leisure time, and the study of the most suitable books to fit them for the battle of life.

#### GEORGE RUTLAND.

For many years, the late Mr. George Rutland was well-known to book-buyers of every class, from the man of large means, who bought handsome volumes as he bought beautiful furniture, because it was the fashion and he could afford it, to the poor student, or humble workman, who sometimes picked up a bargain from the extensive stock of books temptingly displayed on the well-known stall in the Market.

Mr. Rutland was thoroughly acquainted with his business. No one knew what a book was worth and what it would fetch better than he. He was thoroughly honest and fair-dealing, also; and often astonished a poor man, compelled to part with his little library, by the large price he offered, if it contained some literary treasure that George knew would "fetch a penny." But he scorned to take advantage of a person's ignorance either one way or the other. If he bought cheap at an auction, he sold cheap; and if he gave a large price for a work, he would keep it for years rather than sell it for less than its value, though he rarely made a mistake about the worth of a book. With rare books and rare editions he was most familiar, perhaps no man in England more so. At his stall were to be found lawyers, doctors, bishops, priests, and deacons—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men, a class who would not know their way to the Market now-a-days, though that locality is perhaps more than ever the resort of dealers in old books and rare engravings. Mr. Rutland took great delight in handsome bindings; and if a first-class work,

or rare edition, came to him in a rather dilapidated condition, he would send it off to Edinburgh to be re-clothed in morocco, calf, or Russia.

It is about twenty-five years since Mr. Rutland gave up the stall in the Market which he had conducted so successfully, and opened a handsome shop in Blackett Street. Here everybody was made welcome. A person might enter the shop and stay as long as he liked, and take down and examine any book, and never be asked to purchase. Of course, the shop did not contain a fourth of Mr. Rutland's stock, as his house—he lived on the premises—was always packed with books. The list of new additions to his stock, which appeared once a week in a local paper, often caused people to smile at the quaint and curious way in which it was written; but it was always eagerly read, and brought him great numbers of fresh customers.

Mr. Rutland, as everybody else does in time, found that he was getting old; but, *unlike* a great many people, he found that he had realised enough from his industry and great knowledge of books to spend the remainder of his days in comfort. He sold his business to an enterprising firm in Grey Street, and retired into private life. But he could not live idle. He was to be seen at every great book sale, on the look-out, on behalf of an old customer, for some choice work—a scarce county history or the first edition of a Bewick.

We do not suppose that Mr. Smiles would have thought it worth while to include the subject of this brief sketch amongst those who have raised themselves from a humble position to one of wealth and influence. Yet there is something cheerful in Mr. Rutland's career. Commencing life a poor little orphan lad, almost friendless, and without education, he managed to get a few books together, worth only a very few shillings. From this humble beginning, he got from less to more, earning not only a great reputation amongst scholars and antiquaries for his large acquaintance with literature in every department, but, better still, a high character for honesty and fair-dealing.

Towards the end of 1884, Sir John Swinburne requested Mr. Rutland, in whom he had great confidence, to arrange his library at Swinburne Castle. While engaged in this work the old bookseller was seized with a fit, and died in a few hours—December 2, 1884—aged 62 years. His remains were interred in All Saints' Cemetery. W. W. W.

#### Otter Hunting: John Gallon.

**M**ANY a glorious day's otter-hunting have I enjoyed along with the late Mr. John Gallon, who was drowned in the river Lugar, South Ayrshire, on the 16th of July, 1873, while hunting the otter in the company of Mr. Morton Macdonald, of Largie Castle, and other sportsmen of North Britain. For many years previous to his untimely death he

frequently hunted the North Tyne, Reed, Coquet, Wansbeck, and other rivers of Northumberland. Mr. William Turnbull, the renowned otter-hunter of Bellingham (now of James Street, Jarrow), for twenty-seven years accompanied Mr. Gallon in nearly all his Border otter-hunting excursions. He describes him as the model otter-hunter, a man of undaunted courage, a veteran in the hunt, and a thorough gentleman in manner. For my own part, I don't think Mr. Gallon could swim a stroke, but when the otter was afoot and the hounds were in full cry, I have seen him plunge into the deepest pool, and he appeared to keep himself afloat by the aid of a long pole. Scorning the use of the spear, he would tail the otter in the centre of the pack, and, amid the cheers of his followers, bring the prize to land, and in fair combat try the courage of some favourite terrier. Long will our Border sportsmen hold in remembrance the name of the gallant sportsman who lies interred in Elsdon Churchyard, near Otterburn! The following lines were written by Mr. James Armstrong, author of "The Wild Hills of Wanny":—

Some sing of bold Napoleon, that man of warlike name.  
Of Wallace, Bruce, and Wellington, all heroes of great  
fame;  
Ye otter-hunters, one and all, in chorus join with me.  
And we will of John Gallon sing, in numbers wild and  
free.

Although John Gallon is no more, yet of him  
we will sing,  
That gallant sportsman to the core, the otter-  
hunter king.

Northumbria's brave and dauntless son so gaily takes his  
way  
To hunt the Lugar's fatal stream, at the first break of day.  
With Starlight, Hopwood, Ringwood, too, those hounds of  
glorious fame,  
When Ormidale and Waterloo the otter's drag proclaim.

Through shaggy cleugh, by willow stump, they hunt each  
hover true,  
Old Wellington and Mitford still the wily game pursue;  
The music of each favourite hound the sleeping otter  
wakes;  
He dives and tries his wildest shifts as his dark path he  
takes.

The sportsmen all join in the hunt. See where the bells  
they rise!  
The otter's up and breathes! Hurrah! The cheers they  
reach the skies.  
He's down again, and down the stream, by rugged rock  
and scaur,  
The gallant pack pursue their game in imag'ry of war.

Through darksome cleft, by thundering linn, are hounds  
and otter gone;  
John Gallon, too, so bold and true, to follow him not one.  
But, oh! in deep and treacherous pool, unseen to mortal  
eyes,  
He's down, the daring hunter brave, he's down no more to  
rise!

No more we'll hear his cheery voice, so early in the morn,  
No more he'll wake the echoes wild, or wind his bugle  
horn;  
No more the sportsmen of the North, with Gallon will  
combine  
To hunt the otter in the streams of Wansbeck, Reed, and  
Tyne.

OTTER-HUNTER, Willington.

## Mad Maddison.

**S**YKES'S "Local Records," under the date September 16th, 1694, states that the following entry is said to have been found at Durham:—  
"Lord Atkinson, of Cannyside Wood, was killed by Ralph Maddison, of Shotley Bridge. He was afterwards hanged for the murder." Lord would seem to be a mistake for Laird, the Northumbrian and Cumbrian as well as Scotch term for a proprietor of land, however small his estate, and whatever its tenure, while Cannyside may have been Conside or Consett, which name is said to be a corruption of Conkesheved. Ralph Maddison, who was the laird's murderer, and who suffered the last penalty of the law for the deed, was one of those turbulent characters to whom the unsettled condition of the North of England for centuries previous to the union with Scotland had given birth. The end of his career was quite in keeping with its whole tenor. Behind his back he was never called by his Christian name, but was dubbed by common consent "Mad Maddison." Most of his pranks were played for the pure fun of the thing, but in many of them he displayed what may be termed Satanic malevolence. He lived, we are told, immediately opposite the village of Shotley Bridge, on the Northumberland bank of the Derwent, at the confluence of the Rothley Burn, in a plain, good house, which stood where the offices attached to Shotley Hall now stand. He had considerable estates in the neighbourhood, and officiated for some time as a sort of warden of the district. A worse choice for such an office could scarcely be imagined; for old and young, male and female, who were forced to go near his residence, or any place he was accustomed to frequent, were in more or less fear and dread of him.

One of the fords across the Derwent, near Shotley, is said to have been the scene of a characteristic exploit of his. The river was flooded one day from heavy rains, but still not so high as to be impassable on horseback. Maddison, on coming down to ride across, found standing on the bank an old woman, who was very anxious to get over the stream, but saw it would be madness to attempt it by wading. The bridge was a good way round about, and she was in a hurry. Maddison, after hearing her story, volunteered to take her across behind him, if she durst trust herself on his spirited nag's back. The woman was very willing to do so, saying she was very glad to have met with such a "canny man," and adding that she had been much afraid of meeting Mad Maddison, whom, it appears, she had often heard of, but never seen. The "canny man" got her mounted on the crupper, and plunged into the river. But when he reached the middle, he pushed her off into the flood, and, laughing heartily, like a genuine water kelpy, left her to sink or swim. The poor creature was carried a long way down, but providentially gained the shore. That she was not drowned outright and her corpse carried down to Derwenthaugh, was no thanks to Mad Maddison.

Another form which his madness took was to plague the neighbouring lairds and tenants by overturning their stacks of hay and corn in the night, especially if it was likely to rain, or if the wind blew very strong. One old man, whom he had often annoyed in this way, foiled his malevolence one season by building his stack round the stump of an ash tree. Maddison, who was not aware of this, came one dark night to "coup ower" the old man's rick, but found that it resisted his utmost strength. Dare-devil though he was, he was very superstitious, and so, after repeated attempts made to no purpose, he concluded there was some witchcraft in the case, and "ran away in great fear."

On another occasion, seeing two webs of linen laid out to bleach, he went deliberately past the woman who owned them, lifted one of the webs, and was carrying it off. The woman had the hardihood to protest that he would have to pay dearly some day for what he was doing, whereupon Maddison seized the other, saying, with an oath, "Then I will have both, for it is as well to hang for a hog as a halfpenny." And away he strode with them.

The common failing of the village lairds in those days was addiction to the bottle. Their leisure hours, which were many, were commonly spent in the ale-house. Almost every night, most of them went to bed more or less muddled, and sorely needed next morning a hair of the dog that had bitten them. Joviality, degenerating into senseless brawling, rude hectoring, and outright homicide occasionally, was a prominent feature of country life under the Merry Monarch, and for a long time afterwards. Mad Maddison was, of course, one of the foremost among the Derwentwater royster-doysters. He was "sudden and quick in quarrel." He had never been taught, and had never even tried, to govern his temper or curb his humour. While he was yet a boy, his father, instead of taking the least pains to "mould the coinage of his fevered brain," chuckled at his mischievous tricks, his habitual disobedience to his mother, his pert and saucy stable-boy insolence to the servants, his wild horse-play with other and less robust youths—in short, did all he could to spoil him. And as he grew up to manhood, he grew, not in grace, but in gracelessness. So that when men talked of him they shook their heads, and whispered one another in the ear, the hearers making "fearful action with wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes," as Shakespeare says of threatening news-bearers and their terrified auditors. He had "no leaning on the prudent side." In him, every inch that was not fool was rogue. To use the words of Dryden, the midwife might have laid her hand on his thick skull, when she brought him into the world, with this prophetic blessing:—

Be thou dull;  
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight  
Fit for thy bulk.

There was no pause in his career of wickedness, and the discretion was not in him to spare his own kith and kin, or those who were nearest and should have

been dearest to him. Thus, one time when his son-in-law and himself had been indulging freely in the bridge-end public-house at Shotley, and the former, who had the weaker stomach and head of the two for carrying strong drink, had got unsteady on his legs and faltering in his speech, Maddison proposed that they should go home, and that he would himself walk while the other should ride. So his own wild horse, a gallant dapple gray, the swiftest ever known in the country round, and of particularly high temper, having been brought out, he set his poor, helpless son-in-law on the impatient beast's back, with his face to the tail, and put a bunch of thorns where they made the horse frantic. The infuriated animal darted across the river, with its rider clinging like grim Death instinctively to its back, and, instead of making for Shotley Hall, it galloped right away past Black Hedley, near which place it threw and killed the unfortunate man.

The widow, who is said to have been a beautiful woman of great talent, having thought proper to marry again, her father attempted the life of her second husband by shooting, either because he did not approve of the match or out of some sudden passionate freak.

The reprobate was hauled up at last for a murder most likely committed under the influence of drink. The scene of the catastrophe was probably the bridge end ale-house, though that is uncertain. About Laird Atkinson, Maddison's victim, tradition has handed down nothing, except only his place of residence, and that but approximately. Whether he was a quiet, inoffensive man, on whom the bully had managed to fasten a quarrel, or a rude, drunken fellow like himself, can never be known. But, at any rate, he fell dead under the madman's hand.

No constable or county-keeper daring to beard him in his den, and, Maddison loudly declaring that he would shoot any man that ventured to come near with a magisterial warrant to take him, a troop of soldiers was sent to protect the civil power. Hearing this, the fellow took to flight. His horse happened to be grazing in a field occupied by one of his tenants. He made his way thither as fast as he could, and, getting the nag saddled and bridled, away he darted up the road towards Eddy's Bridge, confident he would get clear off into the Cumberland wastes. But on entering Muggleswick Park, his long-tried horse refused, for the first time, to answer either spur or rein. Finding he could not get the horse to proceed, he dismounted, and fled into the neighbouring wood, hoping to conceal himself there. But the soldiers, after much search, found him ensconced in a large yew tree, from which they dragged him forthwith, and carried him bound to Durham, where, at the ensuing assizes, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, which sentence was duly executed.

"Mad Maddison will catch you!" "Mad Maddison, come and take the naughty bairn!"—these were among the exclamations that were long heard on the banks of the Derwent, uttered to frighten froward children.

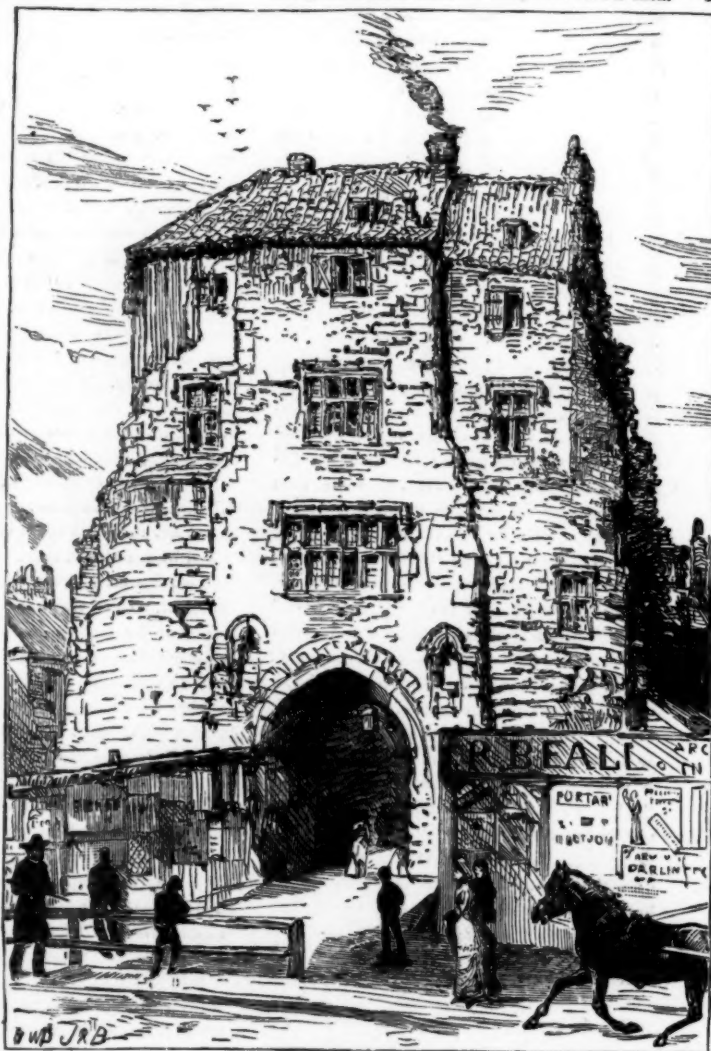
## The Black Gate.

**T**HE Black Gate, the principal entrance to the Castle of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was built by King Henry III. in 1248, about seventy years after the completion of the keep and other parts of the fortress by Henry II. It still stands, at least the lower part of it, a splendid specimen of the beautiful architecture of the age which produced it. The upper portion, the work of later times, is scarcely less interesting, telling, as it does, the story of the varied fortunes of the gateway after the close of its military career. In its original condition it must have formed a noble spectacle, as pleasing to the eyes of its friends as it was formidable to those of its foes.

Around the platform of the castle, an area of three acres, the enclosing curtain wall was drawn, with gates and posterns at various points, and here, at the northern angle, towered up the massive form of the main gateway, known in later days as the Black Gate. Outside the wall on this side was a fosse or moat, and access to the gate was by a drawbridge, defended by a barbican. Impregnable we may well consider this entrance to have been. Say that an enemy had forced the barbican, driving back its defenders, and had crossed with them the drawbridge before it could be hoisted, there were the two portcullises of the main gate to bar his further way, while the defenders hurled down upon him, through the openings for the purpose in the vaulted arch above, the heavy missiles or molten lead held in reserve for such emergency. Even could he have passed the portcullises, and penetrated the curved way, with high massive walls on either side, he would have come upon another gate-

way to be carried before he found himself within the castle yard.

This second gateway stood at the further end of the present narrow curved street within the Black Gate—the street is commonly called the Castle Garth—but no trace of the gateway now exists. On either side of it stood one of the castle prisons. That on the north-east side was called the "Great Pit"; that on the opposite side the "Heron Pit." There is some interesting information concerning the prices of material and the wages of working men of the period in the accounts of repairs to these prisons in the reign of Edward III. Candles, we learn, were 1½d. per pound; "trees of great timber," for joists, were 2s.; and great trees of 44ft., for sills, were 3s. 4d. each. "Est-



THE BLACK GATE IN 1877.



THE BLACK GATE IN 1887

landbord" (Baltic timber), for flooring, was 3d. per piece. The blacksmith received 6d. per stone for working Spanish iron, bought of Adam Kirkharle, into bolts, bands, crooks, staples, manacles, and fittings for the stocks. Carpenters' and masons' wages were 2s. 6d. per week in November, reduced to 2s. 1d. in March; labourers received 1s. 9d. per week in the former, reduced to 1s. 6d. in the latter month. The timber was bought of John Wodseller, and was landed at Gaolegrip (now the Javel Group) in the Close. Sand was brought from the Sandgate, and lime from the "lyme-kilnes," and both were led by "Adam the lym-leader."

After the completion of this work, there is very little mention in history of the Black Gate until the reign of James I. By this time the whole castle had fallen into a miserable state of dilapidation. The only houses in the castle yard were a herald's house, the gaoler's house, and two houses near the Black Gate. The keep was used as a prison, "wherein," as a grant of King James puts it, "is kept the sons of Belial." One Master Alexander Stevenson, a page of the king's bedchamber and "a Scottish man," we are told, "begged the castle of the king," and obtained a lease of it, with the exception of the keep and Moot Hall, for fifty years at forty shillings rent. He began to build, upon the ruins of the Black Gate, the upper portion with the square mullioned windows still to be seen, and the building was completed by one Pickle, who kept a tavern in the Gate House. Jordan, a Scotchman, and a sword-slipper to trade, built a house on the south side of the gate, and Thomas Reed, a Scotch pedlar, took a shop on the north side. Soon the vicinity of the Castle Garth became a thriving business place, principally inhabited by tailors and shoemakers, as it continued down to quite recent days. On Stevenson's death, his uncompleted lease came into the possession of one Patrick Black, and it is from him that the gateway probably derives its name.

In 1732, the Black Gate had again fallen into a state of great decay, caused by the neglect of the Newcastle Corporation, which had, after many attempts, obtained a lease of the Castle Garth. This lease came to an end in the year named, and another was granted to Colonel George Liddell, afterwards Lord Ravensworth. In 1739, part of Stevenson's work, on the eastern side of the gate, fell with a great crash, and was re-built in a mean way with brickwork. From this time the building seems to have been let off in tenements, and to have gradually fallen into the wretched state in which it remained until 1884, when the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries restored it and adapted it for use as a museum. Our illustrations show it as it appeared before and after this restoration.

A visit to the Black Gate is a rare treat to those who delight in relics of past times. The outside aspect of the ancient tower is full of interest. There before us we still see the work of Edward III.; then above that

the portions added by Masters Stevenson and Pickle; the whole surmounted by the red-tiled roof so judiciously added by the Antiquaries. Under the archway we see the beautiful trefoil arcades, and the vaulted chamber on either side. Then, inside, there is glorious store of antique wealth. Relics of all periods, from the Stone Age to the age of tinder boxes and sulphur matches, are here gathered together. Roman altars and inscribed stones, with which, by means of drawings, scholars in all parts of the world are familiar, and which they would sacrifice much to look upon in their reality, stand here, close by the very doors of the people of Newcastle. Verily the Black Gate is "rich with the spoils of time."

R. J. C.

## The Birtwhistle Wicht.

**T**HE subject of this song, or rather ballad, which is supposed to have been written by Mr. Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, is said to have been Andro o' the Birtwhistle, who flourished in the reign of Henry VII., and was one of the most noted moostroopers of his time. According to popular tradition, he was a man as famed for gallantry with the fair sex as for successful raiding and foraging; and he was so fortunate in his wild vocation as to escape all the wardens and country-keepers on both sides of the Border; so that he died at last, well stricken in years, "in his awn hoose at hyem," and left behind him a numerous hopeful progeny, to walk, as far as circumstances permitted, in their father's footsteps.

I rede ye tak tent o' the Birtwhistle wicht;  
He forays by day, and he raids by the nicht;  
He cares na for warden, for baillie, or reeve;  
Ye may post him at kirk, and he'll laugh in his sleeve;  
He'd harry, tho' Hairabee tree\* were in sicht,  
So daring a chiel is the Birtwhistle wicht!

The Tyne and the Tarras, the Tweed and the Till,  
They never could stop him, and, troth! never will;  
At the mirk hour o' midnight, he'll cross the dark fen;  
He knows every windin' o' valley and glen;  
Unscathed he can roam, tho' na star shed its licht,  
For wha wad dare question the Birtwhistle wicht?

The proud Lord o' Dilston† has deer in his park;  
He has keepers to watch them, and ban-dogs ‡ to bark;  
The Baron o' Thirlwall § has owsen and kye,  
And auld Gaffer Featherstone's ¶ pigs i' the styo—  
The priest canna claim them or tythe them of richt,  
But they a' will pay tythe to the Birtwhistle wicht.

\* Hairabee, or Harraby Hill, about a mile and a half south by east of Carlisle, was the site of the gallows upon which, in the good old times, "hundreds of lewed, disorderlie, and lawless persons, commonlye called moss-troopers," had the ill-luck to be "justified," after reciting their "neck-verse," with the assistance of a priest.

† The ancestor of the Earls of Derwentwater, Sir Edward Ratcliffe, who, by his marriage with Joanna Claxton, daughter of Sir Robert Claxton, got possession of the Dilston, Wittonstall, and other estates in Northumberland, adding them to his ancestral domain of Derwentwater in Cumberland.

‡ The ban-dogs he kept in his castle were a large, fierce kind, kept chained by day and let loose at night, and, when taken out by the keeper, held by a leam or band—whence the name.

§ Thirlwall of that ilk, on the Tippal Burn, near Gilsland.

¶ Featherstonehaugh of Featherstone Castle.

The Prior o' Brinkburn is telling his beads ;  
He patters his ayés, and mutters his creeds ;  
At each pause o' the choir he starts when the breeze  
Booms its dirge thro' the tower, or sighs through the  
trees ;  
He prays to the Virgin to shield him thro' night,  
From the powers o' Hell and the Birtwhistle wicht !  
Fair lasses o' Cheviot, he bodes ye na gude ;  
He'll ne'er kneel at altar, nor bow to the roode,  
But tell ye your eyne ha' the gowan's bright sheen,

The whiles he's preparin' your mantles o' green.  
He'll grieve ye and leave ye,—alas, for the plicht !  
For reckless in love is the Birtwhistle wicht.

O ! gin he were ta'en to the Hairibee tree,  
There'd be starers and gazers of every degree ;  
There'd be shepherds from shielings and knichts from  
their ha's,  
And his neck-verse would gain him unbounded applause ;  
But it's na in a hurry ye'll witness that sight,  
For wary and 'cute is the Birtwhistle wicht.

## Northumbrian Saints.

By Richard Welford.

### St. Acca,

BISHOP OF HEXHAM.

Amongst the notable men who, after the Saxon conquest of Britain, strove to fan the flickering embers of Christianity into a lively flame, history assigns a high place to Wilfrid, priest and bishop, founder of the church and monastery of Hexham. Ambitious and daring, Wilfrid fought vigorously for the faith that was in him, sparing in his schemes of church extension and aggrandisement neither king nor noble, prelate nor patrician. Living in a time of widespread dissension, his career was one of great vicissitude, and his fortunes rose and fell like the tide that beat upon the shores of his native Northumbria. A few men, earnest and self-denying sons of the Church, merging their individuality in his pre-eminent genius, remained faithful to him in all the fluctuations of his life. Of them was Acca, a priest, whose youth had been spent in the household of Bosa, supplanter of Wilfrid in the bishopric of York. Identifying himself with the cause which Wilfrid had at heart, Acca accompanied his friend and patron throughout his mid-life wanderings. At Rome, whither Wilfrid journeyed twice to plead his cause with the Pope, Acca was his faithful coadjutor, living with him there on the last occasion for thirteen years. When, in his old age, the victorious prelate returned to his restored bishopric of Hexham, Acca settled with him on the banks of the Tyne, and assisted him in his administration of the see. So they continued until, in October, 709, death divided them. Acca succeeded his patron in the episcopal chair of Hexham, and entered into possession of the fruitful lands through which the Devil's Water and the Allen on the one side, and the North Tyne on the other, join the greater river in its journey towards the sea.

The Venerable Bede, who compiled his "Ecclesiastical History" at Jarrow during Acca's episcopate, writes lovingly of his diocesan, with whom he seems to have been

personally and familiarly acquainted. He describes him as a most active administrator, "great in the sight of God and man ; most learned in Holy Writ, most pure in the confession of the Catholic faith, and most observant in the rules of ecclesiastical institution." Imbued with the spirit of his departed master, Acca spared no pains to adorn and beautify the edifice which the master had created. He made it his business, Bede tells us, to procure relics of the blessed apostles and martyrs from all parts, and to place them upon altars divided by arches in the walls of his church, and "industriously provided holy vessels, lights, and such like things as appertain to the adorning of the house of God." And being a scholarly man, desirous to encourage learning, stimulated thereto perhaps by Bede himself, he gathered together the histories of holy men and of their sufferings, and with them and other ecclesiastical writings created a "most numerous and noble library." Himself an "expert singer," he endeavoured to improve the services of the church by introducing at Hexham the solemn and stately tones of Pope Gregory. To that end he invited "a celebrated singer, called Maban, who had been taught to sing by the successors of the disciples of the blessed Gregory in Kent, for him to instruct himself and his clergy, and kept him twelve years to teach such ecclesiastical songs as were not known, and to restore those to their former state which were corrupted either by want of use or through neglect."

To Acca, Bede dedicated his "Hexameron" and his "Commentary on St. Mark's Gospel"; to him also he addressed a poem on the Day of Judgment. The commentary was written at Acca's suggestion, as was also a similar treatise on Luke. Bede was reluctant to undertake this last-named work, because St. Ambrose had written on the subject before him, whereupon Acca wrote to him a friendly remonstrance, exhorting him to proceed, and authorising him

to affix the hortatory epistle to his book. Bede's modesty yielded to the scholarly and genial appeal of his bishop, and in due time Acca was able to include St. Luke's Gospel among the series of commentaries from Jarrow that enriched his Hexham library.

The lines fell to Acca in pleasant places, and he had a goodly heritage. The turbulence and disquietude which marked Wilfrid's tenure of office had passed away, and he governed Hexham in peace. For twenty-four years he held the see, and then, for some reason which has never been explained, was deprived of his office. It is remarkable that Bede, who lived for two years afterwards, does not record the circumstances under which Acca was superseded. Nor is the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" much more communicative. The events of the year 733, in which his deprivation occurred, are summarised in that document with tantalising brevity:—"This year Ethelbald conquered Somerton, and the sun was eclipsed, and the whole disc of the sun was like a black shield. And Acca was driven from his bishopric." Prior Richard, who wrote a history of the church at Hexham, is scarcely less laconic. He records the fact that Acca was expelled [*fugatus est*], and adds nothing but a vague tradition that the bishop went from Hexham to re-establish the see of Whithorn, in Galloway. That he was not in disgrace may be inferred from the reverence paid to his remains, when, on the 19th of September, seven years after his deprivation, he was summoned to his reward. His body was brought to the church he had helped to build and beautify, and at the eastern end, "adjoining his sanctuary," was reverently interred. In memory of him the mourning monks set up two stone crosses, "wondrously carved"—one at his feet and the other at his head, the latter bearing an inscription indicating that in that place he was buried. A beautifully floriated lintel at Dilston, and a similar stone found some years ago in the chancel at Hexham, are supposed to have formed part of the memorial crosses which told the pilgrim and the stranger where the friend of Bede and Wilfrid lay.

The silent flight of Time hath borne  
Long centuries of years away,  
Since Acca sang his dying lay,  
And monks their pastor's parting wept—

His parting for celestial plains,  
Which, if more fair than those outspread  
On every side where'er we tread,  
How glorious thy unseen domains.

James Clephan.

Acca had lived the life of a saint, and in due time his name was entered in the calendar. Three hundred years after his death his tomb was opened, and portions of the linen in which he had been buried, "clean and incorrupt" as on the day when they were wound round his corpse, were taken to Durham and devoutly preserved. In the wide territories which he had ruled so well, the fame of St. Acca ranked with that of Aidan and Cuthbert, Wilfrid and Bede. Miracles were wrought by his relics, his intercession was invoked by the faithful far and near,

and children received his name in baptism. For many centuries the 19th of February—St. Acca's Day—was observed as a great festival in the diocese of Hexham, and throughout the North Humber land.

### St. Aelred,

ABBOT OF RIEVAULX.

At the close of the eleventh century the ruined abbey of Hexham was in the hands of a race of hereditary provosts and priests—the former superintending the lands, and the latter the ordinances of the church. The last of these priests was Eilaf (son of Eilaf, surnamed Larwa), who succeeded his father somewhere about the year 1090. He was a man of energy and resolution, and devoted the first years of his control to restore, as far as possible, what remained of Wilfrid's beautiful edifice. We read that he covered the whole church with tiles, whitewashed the walls, renewed the mural paintings, laid down a pavement at the east end, on which an altar was set up, and prepared a shrine to receive the relics of the saints of Hexham—Acca, Alchmund, and Eata—which, through all the disasters of the church, had been carefully preserved.

To Eilaf three sons were born, one of whom was destined to become famous in the religious life of his country. Brought up among the ruins of Hexham, filled with the history and traditions, the glories and disasters of that sacred pile, the boy Eldred was imbued with a love of the religious life which never deserted him. His father did not foster his yearnings, but sent him to be a member of the suite of Prince David, afterwards King of Scotland. At the Scottish court his promotion was rapid, and he was raised, it is said, to the exalted position of High Steward of the Household. But in time the gaudies of the court wearied him, and his heart turned towards the solace of the cloister. Leaving his royal master and the court of Dunfermline, and crossing his native county and the bishopric, he entered the newly-founded Cistercian Abbey of Rievaulx, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. There Eldred the courtier became Aelred the novice, and conformed to the austerities of the order with the zeal of a convert and the devotion of a saint.

Eilaf had surrendered Hexham to Augustinian canons appointed by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, and in 1138 lay on his death-bed at Durham. Aelred was there and assisted his father through the dark valley. Perhaps he revisited the scenes of his infancy on the Tyne, and renewed the friendships of childhood among the cells of Hexham. Be that as it may, we hear little of him during his early career at Rievaulx. But in 1143, being then thirty-four years of age, he went with eleven brethren to Revesby, in the Lincolnshire fens, to establish another society—an offshoot of the Yorkshire foundation. He headed the colony, and the brethren made him their first abbot. When he had held this honourable office a couple of years, his old superior, the Abbot of Rievaulx, died. The brethren selected a successor from among their number,

who soon resigned his office. Then, with one consent, they sent for Aelred, and elected him to reign over them—Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx.

In the new and exalted position to which he had attained the mental energy and physical endurance which marked Aelred's life as courtier and as novice found abundant scope. He travelled far and wide, at home and abroad, spreading the principles of his order, and labouring to strengthen the faith of his fathers among men and in the hearts of the rulers of men. What Bernard was to France, that was Aelred, while his strength lasted, to England; for, afflicted by a distressing malady, his life had no late ending. All too soon the time came when the weak flesh could not respond to the calls of the willing spirit. In 1166 he passed away, and the Church, whose devoted servant he had been, perpetuated his good name and godly life by canonization.

Aelred compiled several biographical and devotional works:—"The Mirror of Charity," "Lives of the Kings of England," "Life of St. Edward the Confessor," "Life of St. Margaret," "Life of St. Ninian," "The Battle of the Standard," "The Life of King David," and "Miracles Wrought by the Saints of Hexham." This latter, the most interesting, locally, of all his writings, is reprinted by Dr. Raine in vol. i. of "The Priory of Hexham." The learned doctor describes the work as faulty and confusing in arrangement, and turgid and weak in style, but excuses these defects by explaining that it was the author's intention to make it partly an historical document, partly a record of the miracles of the saints of Hexham church. "The miracles," he adds, "are derived from some legend that was preserved at Hexham, and seem to be merely re-cast in a new shape, to the intent that they might be perused by the convent. And when the canons heard the wondrous narrative recited to them, some, if not all, would call to mind with pride and gratification how, before the day of their own learned priors, Aelred of Rievaulx had lived and prayed within those walls, and that it was from the pen of an aged Cistercian abbot that the praises of their beloved saints had come."

### St. Aidan,

FIRST BISHOP OF LINDISFARNE.

When, after the battle of Heavenfield, or Heavenfield, near Hexham, in the year 633, Oswald came to the throne of the Northumbrian Provinces of Bernicia and Deira, he determined to encourage Christianity among his people, and to spread a knowledge of its advantages in those parts of his dominions to which it had not before penetrated. While in banishment across the Border he had been baptised, and, now that he needed help in converting his subjects, he sent to Donald, King of Scotland, for a missionary. Donald sent him Corman, a monk of

Iona—very learned and very pious; but Corman made no impression upon his hearers, and gave up the task in disgust. He returned to Iona and reported to the assembled brethren the failure of his mission. The Northumbrians, he said, were so ignorant as to be incapable of comprehending Christianity, and their habits were so inveterate that even if they had made greater progress in civilization they would probably reject the leading precepts of the Gospel with contempt. There was present in the conclave a monk named Aidan, who did not endorse all that Corman reported of these benighted people, who thought that the preaching of the baffled missionary might not have been simple enough for them, and who had the courage to stand up and say so. His words made an impression upon his brethren, and they unanimously agreed that he should be sent to resume the work which Corman had abandoned. Invested with the office and dignity of a bishop, Aidan left Iona and sought the court of King Oswald.

On the arrival of Aidan in Northumbria, "the king appointed him his episcopal see in the isle of Lindisfarne as he desired, which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island, and again twice in the day when the shore is left dry becomes contiguous to the land." Lindisfarne, no doubt, attracted Aidan by its resemblance to Iona, by its security, and by its contiguity to the royal castle of Bamborough. Oswald assisted heartily in Aidan's enterprise, condescending even to interpret for the benefit of the people the bishop's Scottish dialect. Aidan on his part laboured earnestly to win the hearts and touch the consciences of the scarce-reclaimed savages he had undertaken to teach, and, if possible, to save. Bede writes of him that "He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; and whenever in his way he saw any, either rich or poor, he invited them, if infidels, to embrace the mystery of the faith, or, if they were believers, to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and actions to alms and good works. All those who bore him company, whether they were shorn monks or laymen, were employed in meditation, that is, either in reading the Scriptures or learning psalms. If it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to eat with the king, he went with one or two clerks, and, having taken a small repast, made haste to be gone with them either to read or write."

In Aidan's hands the work prospered. Assistance came from Scotland, and soon he was surrounded by a goodly band of missionaries, earnest and self-denying men like himself. Northumbrian stubbornness was subdued by the patience and kindness of the new teachers. The message which the strangers brought was believed. Young and old were received into the Church by baptism, and the joys of marriage and the solemnities of death were celebrated with Christian rites. Churches were built and monasteries were founded, and

to each of these latter a school was attached to provide a succession of priests and teachers. Aidan and his colleagues gave their spare time to the education of native youth for the ministry, and among those whom they taught were some who rose to eminence—notably Eata, who became the first native Bishop of Lindisfarne, and Chad, successively Bishop of York and Lichfield.

For eight years after Aidan came to Lindisfarne there was peace in Northumbria. Then Penda, King of Mercia, invaded Oswald's territories, and, in revenging the insult, Oswald was slain. His death led to a division of the Northern kingdom. Oswy, his brother-in-law, reigned in Bernicia, and Deira was governed by Oswin, son of Oric, a former king of the province. Very soon they quarrelled, and Oswin, whose cause Aidan supported, was assassinated. Aidan was at Bamborough when the evil tidings came to him. Stunned by the loss of his patron, he sickened, and in a hut at the west end of Bamborough Church, on the 31st of August, 651, in the seventeenth year of his episcopate, and only twelve days after Oswin's murder, he died. His body was taken to Lindisfarne and buried, first in the cemetery of the monastery, and afterwards in the church on the right side of the altar. He was canonized in due course, and, in the opinion of Dr. Raine, who, in the "History of North Durham," has written a graphic account of his life and labours, the calendar bears not upon its page the name of a brighter saint than that of Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne.

### Salt Mines at Middlesbrough

**M**ESSRS. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., in boring for water, at Middlesbrough, first discovered salt in 1802. They tried to win the salt by sinking a shaft; but, finding the expenditure larger than they expected, they finally abandoned the experiment. In 1874, Messrs. Bell Brothers, on the opposite side of the river Tees, sank a bore-hole for the purpose of ascertaining whether the salt extended to their premises. They found a bed of rock-salt, 65 feet thick, at a depth of 1,127 feet, or about 80 feet less deep than Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co. had found it. For some reason or other, probably expense, the matter remained in abeyance till 1881, when a member of the firm of Messrs. Bell Brothers suggested the present mode of winning the salt. It was afterwards discovered that the same method was being adopted in France.

A bore-hole is sunk, and lined with iron tubing, down to the bottom of the bed of salt. That part of the tubing which penetrates the salt is pierced with holes. An inner tube is then put down, and pierced with holes only near the bottom. Fresh water is sent down the space formed between the outer and inner tubes, and finds its way, through the holes, to the rock salt, which it converts into brine. The brine is raised by a pump, through the

inner tube, from the bottom of the hole. It is then conveyed in pipes to large salt pans, where the moisture is evaporated by firing, and partly, in the case of Messrs. Bell Brothers, by waste gases from the blast furnaces.

There are now four firms producing salt on the north side of the Tees. Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., following the example of Messrs. Bell Brothers, are the only firm producing it on the south side. The greater part of the salt produced is used by chemical works on the Tyne; but one of the firms on the north side of the river makes domestic and other kinds of salt. The present total output of the district approaches 3,000 tons weekly.

J. R. S., Middlesbrough.

### Joseph Lampton, Martyr.

**T**HE number of Catholics who suffered death for their religion, in Durham and Northumberland, during Elizabeth's sway, is put down at 13; while throughout England, from 1577 to 1603, no less than 124 priests and 57 laymen and women fell victims to the Act which was passed in the 27th year of the Queen's reign, forbidding, under pain of death, any priests made by Roman authority to come over into England or remain here. Thus, on May 27th, 1590, Richard Hill, John Hagg, and Richard Holyday, all natives of Yorkshire, and Edmund Duke, born in Kent—the four being Roman Catholic priests—were all executed at Durham. And according to the Durham historians, on the 27th July 1593, Joseph Lampton or Lambton, a member of the family at South Biddick, suffered likewise in defence of his religion during Queen Elizabeth's attempt to extirpate the Catholic priesthood from the land.

This gentleman was of a family distinct from the Lambtons of Lambton, on the north side of the Wear, though apparently sprung from a branch of the latter, who anciently spelt their name *Lampton*. Joseph Lampton was educated at the college at Rheims, whence he went to the English college at Rome in 1589. Being ordained a priest, he was sent to England, where he was immediately apprehended, tried, and condemned. He suffered at Newcastle in the flower of his age, and in sight of his friends and relatives. Being cut down alive, a felon attempted to rip him up, but his heart so failed him that even this wretch preferred to die rather than proceed in the barbarous operation. A butcher from the neighbouring village was then prevailed upon by the Sheriff to execute the cruel sentence. An account of the martyrdom of Joseph Lampton is to be found in the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by Bishop Challoner, vol. i., page 159.

Mary Lambton, only daughter and heiress of Nicholas Lambton, was the last of the family of the martyred priest who enjoyed the South Biddick estate. She left it, and other considerable property, by will, to

John Dawson, who had been in her service, and who afterwards assumed the name of Dawson Lambton, and had a grant of arms. The estate was sold by auction to the Marquis of Londonderry, who afterwards disposed of the hall and lands to the Lambtons of Lambton.

The village of South Biddick, I may add, was formerly inhabited by banditti, who set all authority at defiance. The officers of Excise were afraid to survey the two public-houses, unless protected by some of the most daring of the colliers, who were always well rewarded for their trouble. There were in the village about ten shops or houses where contraband spirits were publicly sold without any license. The press gang were at one time beaten out of the place with the loss of two men, and never more were known to enter into it. If the gang were known to be approaching, the "Biddickers" used to sound a horn, the signal to fly to arms. Fires were lighted in various places; the keels in the river were seized and formed into a bridge of communication with Fatfield, a place on the opposite side of the Wear as lawless as their own; and the villagers kept watch and ward till the danger was past. In consequence the village became a resort for such as had violated the laws of their country.

An old native of South Biddick, whom I knew intimately—a relation of Dawson Lambton, by the way—and who died quite recently, used often, with evident pride, to declare to me, when alluding to his origin, that he was one of the "Bloody Biddickers," which, he said, was the veritable epithet by which they were a century ago commonly distinguished. It was here the unfortunate James Drummond, Duke of Perth, took sanctuary after the rebellion of 1745-6, under the protection of Nicholas Lambton, Esq., of South Biddick; and here he lived in obscurity and concealment till 1782, when he died and was buried at Painsshaw.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

## The Auld Fisher's Fareweel to Coquet.

**S**PEAKING at the dinner held to commemorate the opening of the Newcastle Free Library, the late Sir Charles Trevelyan recommended his hearers to read Robert Roxby's poem, "The Auld Fisher's Fareweel to Coquet," which we now publish for the benefit of those of our readers who may be interested in it. This spirited song is one of the "The Fisher's Garland," to which Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday were the best known contributors. The manly pathos which breathes through every line of the effusion, and the high poetic spirit which pervades it, have rendered the song one of the most popular of the authors' productions. Two hundred and ninety copies were printed for Emerson Charnley, on the 26th of March, 1825, and "one hundred copies were presented to the author" (Robert Roxby),

though the "Garland" is the joint work of Roxby and Doubleday. Robert Roxby was born at Needless Hall, Reedsdale. Having lost his father at an early age, he was confided to the care of Mr. Gabriel Goulburn, a farmer in the neighbourhood. About the year 1798 he became a clerk in the banking-house of Sir W. Loraine and Co., Newcastle, and on the failure of that establishment he entered the bank of Sir M. W. Ridley and Co. In 1808, he published by subscription his famous poem, "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," and subsequently produced, in conjunction with Mr. Doubleday, the series of lyrical pieces from which the song now given is a selection. Mr. Roxby died at Newcastle on July 30th, 1846, in his 79th year. Mr. Doubleday's life was spent on Tyneside, where he distinguished himself by his attainments in literature, and as an active participator in the great political movements of the present century. This estimable man died at his residence, Bulman Village (now called Gosforth), on the 18th of December, 1870, aged 81 years.

Come, bring to me my limber gad  
I've fished wi' mony a year,  
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,  
An' a' my fishing gear;  
The sunbeams glint on Linden-Ha',  
The breeze comes frae the west,  
An' lovely looks the gowden morn  
On the streams that I like best.

I've thrawn the flee thae sixty year,  
Ay, sixty year an' mair,  
An' monie a speckled troutie kill'd  
Wi' heckle, heuk, an' hair;  
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,  
"My locks are like the snaw,"  
But I'll gang again to Coquet-side,  
An' take a fareweel thraw.

O Coquet! in my youthful days  
Thy river sweetly ran,  
An' sweetly down thy woody braes  
The bonnie birdies sang;  
But streams may rin, and birds may sing,  
Sma' joy they bring to me;  
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,  
The streams I dimly see.

But ance again the weel-kenned sound  
My minutes shall beguile,  
An' glistening in the airy sun  
I'll see thy waters smile;  
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,  
An' Age forget his pain,  
An' ance mair by sweet Coquet-side  
My heart be young again.

Once mair I'll touch wi' glesome feet  
Thy waters clear and cold,  
Once mair I'll cheat the gleg-ed trout  
An' while him frae his hold;  
Once mair at Weldon's frienly door  
I'll wind my tackle up,  
An' drink "Success to Coquet-side,"  
Though a tear fa' in the cup.

An' then fareweel, dear Coquet-side!  
Aye gaily may thou rin,  
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,  
An' dash frae linn to linn;  
Blithe be the music o' thy streams  
An' banks through after-days,  
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart  
Shall ever tread thy braes.

## The Side, Newcastle.

**O**UR illustrations of the Side, or rather the reminiscences they are calculated to awaken, carry us back to a period in the history of Newcastle when the commerce of the town had for its arena not the Tyne itself, but the Lort Burn, a stream which, according to Grey's "Chorographia," was navigable to the very doors of the Cloth Market, in the line of Dean Street and Grey Street, as far as the High Bridge. "In after times," Grey adds, "the merchants removed lower down towards the river, to the street called the Side and the Sandhill, where the trade remaineth to this day." This was penned in the seventeenth century, and a hundred years later, we learn from Bourne, the Side was "from one end to the other filled with shops of merchants, goldsmiths, milliners, upholsterers, &c." Still another hundred years passed away, and we find Mackenzie, in 1827, speaking of the ascent being very steep; and "this, added to its extreme narrowness, and the dingy houses on each side, projecting in terrific progression, rendered the passage inconceivably gloomy and dangerous. Yet, before the erection of Dean Street, it formed the principal communication with the higher parts of the town." At this date, we read, it was mostly inhabited by cheesemongers. Bearing in mind the fact that the Lort Burn flowed down by the High Bridge, the Low Bridge, and the Sandhill, the origin of such names as Dean Street is easily explained. But the name of the Side, unless it be the side or steep bank of a river, has long been a source of perplexity. There is a traditional story of a stranger who, receiving a Newcastle letter dated "Head of the Side," took it to be a slip of the pen, and wrote back to the "Side of the Head"—the Saracen's or some other Head, as he imagined. The Side as we know it is vastly altered; indeed, our views, one of which is taken from the entrance to Queen Street, looking towards the Old Grapes Hotel, represent a scene which is undergoing a constant process of change. Dean Street, spanned at the foot by the imposing Railway Arch, has invaded it, and year by year old buildings give place to new; yet some of the projecting houses and gabled roofs still survive to awaken recollections of the time when the principal traffic of the town passed this way, over the Old Tyne Bridge, and up the steep ascent. Here, too, were witnessed State progresses between the English and Scottish capitals. The two illustrations which we give are substantially the same, the only difference being that the one represented with little or

no traffic is taken from a higher elevation at Queen Street. Perhaps, with the lantern tower of St. Nicholas's in the background, it would be difficult to find, in less space, so many distinct architectural features, the peculiarity being that palatial buildings, worthy of the most noble thoroughfares, are here mingled with the picturesque remnants of long ago. In proof of the interesting historic character of the scene, we may conclude with the following, culled from Grey's "Chorographia," that small quarto of a few precious pages printed in the year 1649:—"In the lower part of the street called the Side standeth a faire crosse, with columnes of stone hewn, [the roof] covered with lead, where is sold milk, eggs, butter. In the Side is shops for merchants, drapers, and other traders. In the middle of the Side is an ancient stone house, an appendix to the Castle, which in former times belonged to the Lord Lumleys before the Castle was built, or at least coſtany with the Castle."



THE SIDE, FROM QUEEN STREET.



THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE, FROM QUEEN STREET, QUAYSIDE.

## Willie Carr, the Strong Man of Blyth.

**A** BABY was born at Hartley Old Engine, on April 23, 1756, that was destined to cut a great figure in the world in more senses than one. Whether the auspices of his birth afforded any foreshadowing of future greatness is not recorded; but his early childhood must have furnished the buddings of the stature, weight, and strength, which, by the time he reached the years of manhood, had developed into the qualities of a Hercules, a Milo, and a Daniel Lambert all combined. The name of this portentous individual was William Carr—a name that even yet awakens a sort of tremulous reverence in the minds of all who can appreciate gigantic physical force and fleshly proportions. But Carr was no mere man-mountain, and still less was he of the weak-kneed race of giants who go about in shows. He was a true, bold, clever, and witty fellow—every inch a man.

By the time he was seventeen years of age, Carr was six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and weighed sixteen stone. He was serving his apprenticeship to a blacksmith, and, while the trade was one admirably adapted to the development of his powers, it also brought him almost daily opportunities of exhibiting the enormous muscular energy and toughness on which his celebrity principally rests. He did not, however, content himself with the exertion of his marvellous bodily faculties, but so applied his mind to the trade he had adopted that he became a famous craftsman; and when at length he set up at Blyth on his own account, he turned out such capital harpoons that the whalers of the North-Eastern ports could not satisfy themselves that all was right with them unless they had some of Blyth Willie's implements of fishing as part of their equipment. His work, then, was mainly the forging of harpoons, but he was quite up to the general requirements of his trade in all its ordinary branches.

Carr's lifting and throwing soon became objects of keen interest to his neighbours far and near. He could raise with his arms not far short of sixty stones *avoids*. He could "put" a weight of sixty pounds a distance of eight yards. When he was yet quite a young man, his amazing powers naturally provoked emulation, or doubt, or envy—at any rate competitive ambition of some sort—amongst those who had a name to lose, or were desirous of winning one at his expense. One Mick Downey belonged to the former class. He had a great reputation for muscular prowess; and he would fain measure muscle with "the pride of Blyth"—the Samson of the North. But after a contemplative survey of Carr's form and figure, as they revealed themselves in readiness for the tussle, Mick discreetly retired without bringing matters to the test of actual experiment.

In those merry old days Seaton Delaval Hall was a favourite resort of fast young bloods, and a centre of

fashionable gaiety in all its phases. Lord Delaval, naturally enough, was not a little proud to have as a neighbour, and at first as a tenant, a man who was superlative in one particular line. For the amusement and edification of his South-Country guests he would often have Willie up at the hall to display his magnificent torso and his astonishing strength. On one occasion his lordship invited Big Ben, a noted prizefighter of the day, to contest the honours of "the ring" with the gigantic man of Blyth. Everything was made ready for the sport—the ground marked out, the ropes stretched, the seconds and umpire all in waiting. His lordship, wishing to make matters as pleasant as possible, persuaded the would-be pugilists to shake hands as a sign of friendship before the struggle began. Nowise bashful, Big Ben advanced to show good fellowship. Carr, always hearty and energetic, whatever he took in hand, no sooner got a grip of the boxer's fist than he put on the screw as if working a vice, and squeezed his new friend's hand till the blood spurted from the tips of his fingers. This was quite enough for Ben. He was wise, as well as brave and strong. Accordingly, he hinted to his bottleholder to throw up the sponge before the business began. The gay young bloods tried to hearten him to the fight by jeers and bribes and other like incentives; but Ben quietly remarked that he should "prefer a kick from a horse to a blow from such a fist as Carr's."

Mendoza, another champion of no mean or shortlived fame, also came down at the instance of Lords Strathmore and Tyrconnel to have a look at the giant, probably with a view to trying conclusions with him. If that was his notion or the object of those who brought about the meeting, "the better part of valour" happily got the better of rash bravery, and Mendoza went to the place whence he came to meditate on muscle, and carefully prune whatever excess of self-confidence he laboured under.

His lordship of Delaval evinced the genuine interest he had in his humble friend, "the village blacksmith," by having a splendid portrait taken of him, and hanging it in the gallery of his ancestral home. Subsequently it was transferred to the gallery at Gidside, and remained there during the tenancy of the estate by Lord Tyrconnel. Carr's fashionable patrons had occasionally more direct and less pleasant proofs of his amazing strength than such as they witnessed in experiments upon others. He early won the nickname of Lord Haddo, from the circumstance that, the nobleman of that name having struck him with his whip on Morpeth race-course, Carr instantly dragged him off his horse with such force and ease that his lordship was not likely to repeat the insolence.

By the time he reached the age of 30, he had attained his full development—weighing 24 stone, and measuring 6 feet 4 inches in height. His brawny hands and mighty arms were a sight to see and a caution to feel. It was not mere fat, as in other memorably obese men and women, but largely the solid bone and the leathery

cords of muscle that pulled the scale against 336 pounds balance.

Another feat of his illustrates his humour quite as much as his strength. He was one of the best tempered men that ever lived, and never otherwise than peaceably disposed. So far he resembled the general run of giants, and strong, capable men. It is the weakling or the malformed who is most given to peevishness and bad temper. On one occasion Willie happened to fall foul of a gang of gipsies or vagrant muggers. These gentry menaced the big man. By way of silencing them with a specimen of what he could do if they carried matters to extremes, he laid his big hands on their donkey as it was meekly browsing on the thistles by the side of the tramway, and quietly chucked it into an empty coal-waggon, leaving his enraged enemies in great wonder at the feat, and in great perplexity as to how they should recover their steed from the deep truck.

Some of his useful feats are still remembered with a sort of shuddering awe. In those days, as now, coal trucks would sometimes get off the line, and stoppage of traffic occur as the natural consequence. Where, then, was the lever to hoist them on to the track again? Well, if it happened anywhere handy, no lever was so ready or so useful as Carr's strong back and legs. He had but to stoop beneath the slipped waggon till he could get a good prise on it, and he then lifted it cleverly on to the rail again. It is told among the long-shore men of Blyth, to this day, how once five sailors belonging to the good ship *Minerva* were puzzling their heads as to the best means of removing their vessel's anchor with a piece of chain cable attached, then lying on the beach. The anchor and chain weighed half a ton, and, while they were wondering how to get it away, Willie walked in upon the circle of debate, and without more ado lifted up the iron, put it over his shoulder, and trudged away with it to his father's smithy.

Willie's powers of enduring fatigue—or, rather, of continued labour without showing symptoms of exhaustion—were most extraordinary in the days of his full vigour. He was once known to work for 132 consecutive hours, then sleep 12 hours, and resume with unabated vigour for 120 hours more. His powers of consumption, as regards victuals and drink, were on a par, of course, with the rate at which he expended his strength. He certainly was not a dissipated man in any sense, especially was he no drunkard; albeit he now and then put out of sight a quantity of strong waters, quite sufficient to drown some men, without seeming much the worse for the dose. It is told of him that once upon a time business called him to North Shields. When the business was finished, or possibly by way of facilitating the affair, he swallowed 84 glasses of gin, and reached his home at Blyth the same evening quite sober. The business which led to this potation deep and strong was quite remarkable enough without the incredible number of "goes of gin" to make

it memorable. He had been dilatory in completing an order for harpoons, and the good ship *Euretta* was likely to be detained for want of this important part of a whaler's equipment. The day fixed for sailing had arrived, and the harpoons were still in Willie's shop on the south side of the Blyth Salt Pans. Carr took them to the carrier's, but found that the worthy man had departed much before his usual time. Willie made no more ado, but hoisted the hundredweight of harpoons on to his shoulders and marched off with them to North Shields, ten good miles away. After such a feat, the 84 glasses of gin will perhaps stand a chance of being swallowed by the public as having been swallowed by him.

Another feat of his had about it a smack of gallantry. It is told that on one occasion he tucked a plump young woman under his arm, and, thus handicapped, leaped a five-barred gate.

Considering his remarkable physical powers, and also the great demand for "likely fellows" at the end of the last century and the early part of the present, it is not surprising to learn that the Strong Man of Blyth was again and again wanted to serve the King. But Carr had other views; he was fond of home—fonder still of liberty and honest toil. If the King wanted him, the King's men would have to come and fetch him—at their peril. The press-gang was a permanent institution in those days, prowling about seaports great and small, and picking up hands for the navy, both likely and unlikely; for hands are scarce when wars are plentiful. They had evidently set their hearts on Willie, and staked their professional pride on capturing him. But they seldom got a fair chance with him, and when they did his own wit and weight of fist made it no chance at all. A friendly grip of his hand was generally sufficient to elicit a hearty farewell from any captain of the press-gang whose valour had led him so far towards the great man's capture.

One capital story is told of his actually getting caught, and of his characteristic escape from the snares of the King's fowlers. He could swim as well as he could hammer. His lead-like weight ashore was buoyant as a cork in the water. Having fallen into the gin set for him by the cunning pressmen—possibly the snare was gin, as that was his favourite drink and his own weakness—Carr was handcuffed and taken on board a boat lying in the harbour; but when on his way to the tender lying off the coast, he inquired of the coxswain, in a comical way, whether that worthy could swim. "Why do you ask such a question?" rejoined the officer, instead of giving a straightforward answer. "Because," said the giant, "we shall all be swimming just now." And before the warning was well out of his mouth, he bowed himself, as did Sampson of old in the temple of Philistia, and split the boat in two with the strain of his back and legs. In a moment the crew were floundering and splashing in the

sea, while the giant was leisurely paddling himself back to liberty and home.

Up to the grand climacteric of his vigorous life, that is, to the end of his sixty-second year, Carr preserved a considerable measure of the force that had made him famous. But in that year he was seized with paralysis, and, though he lingered seven years longer, he never more left his bed. His ingenuity as a mechanic came to his relief when thus helplessly bedridden. Having made for himself what was in all probability the first iron bedstead ever manufactured, he contrived a clever and easily worked apparatus by which he could lift himself in and out of bed, or in such a way as to change his position without troubling anyone to help him. He finally rested from life's troubles and turmoil on 6th September, 1825, having reached within half a year the proverbially legitimate span of human existence.

### Meg of Meldon.

**W**HO was Meg of Meldon, and wherefore was her troubled spirit doomed to haunt the moonlit banks of the Wansbeck? There may be little real history, but there is much tradition and more mystery in the legend of the miserly witch. The facts—if facts they are—make but a slender skeleton on which to hang the robes of fable.

It is said that she was one Margaret Selby, a daughter of William Selby, of Newcastle. Her father was a money-lender, and it may be that Meg inherited from him not only the fruits of life-long avarice, but the taint of avarice itself that leavened and damaged her better nature, till her name passed into a proverb for cruel greed. Her dower on marrying Sir William Fenwick, of Wallington, was a heavy mortgage on the fair estate of Meldon—the fettered inheritance of young Heron. Whether she unduly pressed or unkindly foreclosed, after underhanded schemes for preventing the young heir from obtaining the money for the discharge of the mortgage, none can now tell; but if she did not do one or other of these things, or all three, it is not easy to account for the bad odour in which her memory was preserved, nor yet for the story of her subterranean coach-road between Hartington and Meldon. For the tale goes that, beneath the beetling stone on which the castle maidens used to pass the clothes they wished to bleach, there was a descent to this underground coach-road, whereby, whenever she would, she could pass to and fro unobserved. She was a solemn and stately dame, and deported herself as became one who had brought great wealth to prop a falling house, and was the mother of at least one brave Fenwick, who died fighting for his king two hundred and thirty years ago. The now ruined gallery of Seaton Delaval contained, some seventy years ago, an authentic portrait of this famous lady. With her heavy ruff, her

vandyked sleeves, furbelowed skirts, and broad hat tied down at the sides, over her ears, she certainly favoured Mother Redcap and other ladies renowned for their proficiency in magic arts.

Either she ruled while her husband reigned, or she lived long in widowhood; for throughout the greater part of her protracted life she must have held the purse and held it tight. Assuming that there must be some basis for all the stories told of her, it will be safe and fair to describe her as exceedingly fond of money. She had a huckstering, speculating, hoarding spirit. Her great hoards of gold were never brought forth save to buy corn and bees in the day of plenty, to be sold at great profit in the days of the "lean kine." At all ends she screwed out gain from the honest poor, but they could only curse her in their whispered prayers, for she held them tight in her cruel grasp. Growing, buying, grinding, selling, she sought gold and yet more gold, though its getting cost life itself to the oppressed from whom she wrung it. She doubtless desired to live alway; but though her barns were full and her press was groaning, and her gold lay in heaps, she could sometimes hear the far-off mutterings of the voice that soon should say, "Thou fool, this night." So she thought the more of the gold that had cost her her soul, and, with eager cunning, plotted that none should possess it when she should have paid forfeit to the King of Terrors, and her strong clutch grew lax. With magpie instinct she sought out secret places where she could hide her treasure, and she chuckled as she thought how men would seek in vain to grasp her much-loved gold. She knew not that her sleep of death would be broken with woful trouble for this same gold, until some worthier than herself should find it and put it to good uses. Yet this was what the story shows. Men whispered to each other, when the burial was over, that Meg of the Moneybags was doomed to wander in strange shapes to and fro between the secret places of her hoards, flitting here and there for seven long years, then resting seven, only to begin the dreary round once more; and this was to be her fate till all the hidden wealth was once more passing, as wealth should ever do, in wage for honest toil. When the wealth was once more wandering, the poor witch's wanderings ceased for ever.

Near the south-east tower of Meldon there was a draw-well, deep and old. In her life Meg had packed a bullock's hide with pieces of gold and cast it into the sleeping water of the well. So, often after death, her shadowy form was seen now sitting, now kneeling, by the well, with arm bent over it, as if wistfully peering into its gloomy depths, but ever troubled as though with arduous penance and a grief that could not be comforted. Year by year the penance went on, but the spell was unbroken, the soul was unshriven. One night, in the visions of sleep, a strange summons came to a poor hind of the Meldon lands, bidding him search for the treasure in the well. He was very poor, his heart was courageous and his conscience clear, so he gave heed to the message. Saying never a word to

neighbour or wife, he went in the midnight to Meldon well. There he saw a mysterious figure, and his brave heart would have prompted him to speak, but he had been forbidden to utter a word on pain of losing his gold. He had brought with him chains and grappling hooks. These, with the aid of his silent helper, were soon adjusted to the handle and roller by which the well was usually wrought. Fearless, he trusted himself to the chain, and passed down and down till, to his wonder, he touched the ground, for the water had gone. There lay the long-hidden pile of gold, and soon the grappling irons were clutching it as though the spirit of covetous Meg had passed into their cold and cruel fangs. Swiftly he climbed the stretched chain and reached the upper world. Then the twain set to work at the wheel and axle with a will. Up came the lunging bag of gold to the music of creaking wood and clanging chain. When at length it came within sight, the poor fellow, overjoyed with the thought of the blessing he was about to call his own, forgot the injunction to silence, and cried exultingly, "We have her now." Fatal words! The charm was gone. The dream vanished. The hooks released their precious burden, and down it went with a rush and a thud, sinking deep into the slimy clay; so deep that no mortal can ever raise it again, or even reach it.

The poor peasant lost his boon by an untimely word of triumph spoken at the well; and, perhaps, old Meg bethought her that it was not kind to enjoin such hard conditions on poor human nature. At all events, the next disclosure she made of her secret stores was made without conditions, and it was made to lads at school, who must needs have lost it, every penny, had they been prohibited from shouting aloud their boyish glee on pain of losing all the board. The school-house at Meldon was old a century ago, and the wayfarer might have imagined it haunted by the ghosts of dead boys, who in the days gone by had sinned and suffered beneath its moss-grown roof, or sported in its long-drawn shadow when the day's work was done. None ever dreamed of seeing or hearing Meg's ghost at school any more than at church. Nor did she walk in visible mist, or flit like marsh-fire round the school-house yard. Yet it was one of her hiding-places. Cunningly she had secreted pile after pile of unhallowed gold beneath the rafters, and just above the ceiling of the school-house. Ceilings were solid and tough in those days, plenty of thickness, plenty of well-tempered mortar, and plenty of cow-hair to bind the plaster together. But scores of romping lads in each generation had done their utmost to shake the rafters and walls asunder. As the years went on the plaster was loosened from its laths; and if it had hardly borne the weight of its golden burden at first, it was every day becoming weaker and weaker. It chanced then that the dominie had gone in by to devour his scanty dinner. Most of the lads were following the example of the worthy master—in this one respect so commendable in their young eyes. A few, however, had brought their dinners with them.

These were the sons of outlying farmers and farm labourers who had far to come for their schooling. Their pasties, or sandwiches, or cold meat pies, with bread and cheese to follow, were soon out of their bags and soon out of sight in the secret cavern to which parental foresight had destined them. Then began the romp and the riot that were to hurry on digestion, so that they should not sleep on their surfeit, but be ready for work or whacks as the case might be. They chased each other over the desks, under the desks, and round about the benches until the old walls thrilled as if with coming ague, and the cracked ceiling split as if in laughing sympathy with their merry mischief. But what was that? All stand agape and wondering, as a shower of dust fills one corner of the school-house, and a sound as of muffled thunder fills the air. They had brought the old ceiling down with a bang. Oh, dear, whatever would dominie say? and, alas! what would not dominie do? When the crash was over and the flying lime-dust began to settle, one bolder than the rest drew near to see for himself the extent of the mischief done. Hark! he screams, but not in pain. He is down on his knees amongst the rubbish, and stuffing the plaster cobs into his pocket as fast as he can. "What is it?" "Cry halves!" "Come on, lads!" resound through the school-room, and then ensued a general rush. All are now rummaging and scrambling and fighting over the heap of dust, like lads of a later age over halfpennies thrown out of railway trains into the mud or dust of the street below. What is it they are striving and riving for like a lot of eels in a basket? It is gold—it is the boon and the bane of all the world; gold for which men risk their lives and barter their souls. And shall boys be preached at because, when gold falls at their feet, like beech leaves in autumn, they fight and struggle and grow black in the face with the strife? And now they rise from the crush to count their winnings. Two or three still potter on in the heap for the chance of a coin or two missed in the scramble; but even they get up in time to make safe their spoil before the master sets foot on the scene.

Meg's spirit rests now, for all her stores save that of Meldon Well have been found and spent for human good; but tradition tells how with changeable form she haunted many a well-known spot. Meldon Bridge she was used to cross in shape of a little dog; but when she had crossed it either way she would assume the form of a lovely woman, graceful and sweet, but ever sad. At times she would sit on the great stone trough at Newminster, an ancient coffin doubtless, and, therefore, a fit halting-place for one who was doomed to walk this nether world in expiation of her guilt while living. When any strange sight attracted the notice of the passing peasant, he would say, "There goes Meg of Meldon," whistle, and, fearless, trudge home to tell his wife and bairns. And thus the legend lived and grew and died away. Its basis of fact was little more than that the lady of Meldon was an

austere dame, who knew her rights and made them good. In doing so she may have ousted a popular young squire—for are not all ruined families the objects of romantic sympathy on the part of the poor? Does not misfortune invest their patrons with a sort of sanctity, and does not the gilding of success seem to them like dross when it is made to adorn the stranger in the land? Meg may have brought a trading spirit into the quiet farm lands and rustic hamlets of the Wansbeck Valley—a spirit of gain-loving and gain-getting which, though more useful, is also less popular, than the humours of a spendthrift. And thus the memory of one who was probably no worse than many another of her rank has come to be blurred by the hatred and curses of the ignorant.

Meldon Hall passed to the unfortunate Derwentwaters, and thence through forfeiture to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners, from whom Isaac Cookson, alderman of Newcastle, purchased it for the goodly sum of 56,900 guineas. There the bearers of his name emulate his generous administration of wealth, thus effectively redressing whatever wrongs the ancient Dame of Wallington inflicted on the poor.

W. S.

## The Story of Mary Clement.

**D**ARLINGTON, in the year 1730, was little more than a village in size; but with its magnificent church—second only to Durham Cathedral among all the ecclesiastical edifices of the county—its connection with the coal trade through the Allans, and its importance as a resting-place for wayfarers along the great North Road, it was worthy to rank as a town of much promise and fair repute. It had a post-office, and this office had for its master one Clement, who, by dint of diligence and thrift, contrived to rear a fine family on a stipend of fifty pounds a-year. Some short time previous to 1730, Mary, daughter of this blooming household, was apprenticed to Mrs. Rennie, a child's coatmaker, whose shop and dwelling were in Pall Mall, the very centre and heart of London fashion. She brought with her to the purlieus of the Court the perilous portion of beauty, grimly watched, however, by the stately griffin to whom the maiden was bound in business pupilage. For a time all went well, and the maiden plied her tasks industriously to the great content of watchful Mother Rennie, varying the routine of a hard life by peeps at the great and gay world as it ebbed and flowed around the shop, and by occasional strolls in the palace park hard by.

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Rennie, like almost all persons in that quarter who were engaged in the shop-keeping business, gave up part of her house as lodgings for "young bucks," Parliament men, and loungers on the outskirts of privilege—waiters on Providence, whose providence just then, as the "Court

Guide" would tell them, was Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Premier of a stupid king and a corrupt Parliament. It further chanced that this same Sir Robert had for his second son a youth who, having completed the grand tour under the eminently advantageous auspices of England's real ruler, had come home to look about him, to pick and choose, to angle in richly-stocked and strictly-preserved waters for the fattest fish his father could give him. Like others of his age and station, Edward Walpole felt that living at home was only moping, and that, in order to take up his freedom as a citizen of the world, it was above all things necessary that he should possess a lodging and latch-key all his own. Mrs. Rennie had a lodging, and both she and it bore a good repute. Young Walpole could not do better than take her unimpeachably genteel apartments.\* He could not come and go very long between his lodgings and the park without getting to know that beneath the roof of his new home there dwelt a maiden more beautiful than all the hooped and patched minxes he daily encountered in the Mall or danced with in marble halls. Having seen her, he could not fail to wonder at her sparkling charms; and when he saw that all this outward radiance was the fit expression of a flawless gem within, his wonder changed to love.

Thus it was with Edward. But how fared Mary's fluttering heart through all this warm summer of love? And what thought the griffin who guarded the treasure of the postmaster's lovely daughter? What, above all, would the proud Premier say of his son's weak passion for the Darlington lassie? He was not yet a peer of the realm, though he was created Earl of Orford in 1742; but he was the maker of peers, the dispenser of Court favour, the mirror of royal smiles, the patron of all good things for which men of the world were ever agape, as they crowded his gates, with incense of praise and proffers of service. Besides, his stock was of the oldest in the land. When as yet there was no Norman in all fair England, his fathers had held sway like kings in Norfolk, and all through the history of his country his ancestors had played a notable part, winning glory and wealth as warriors, statesmen, and bishops. It was not likely that he would lightly give his blessing to such an ill-assorted match as that for which his son soon came to long repiningly. He was wise above all men in the wisdom of the world. He deemed it but a sowing of wild oats, and so long as there was no talk of housing the harvest thereof in his stately barns he had nothing to say against it. The freak would come and go, the passion would cool, the fancy would fade, the toy would in due time be broken and thrown aside; then his son—known to the ladies of Italy as the "handsome English-

\* It should be mentioned that Mr. Longstaffe, who tells the story in his "History of Darlington," states that Walpole had a house of his own opposite Mother Rennie's.

man"—would play the man and mate with a daughter of some princely house. But it was not to be. ☉

Mother Rennie had not lived so near to the very palace gate without becoming wise in her measure, aye, every bit as wise as the great Minister himself, so far as loving hearts were in question. She could read the dangerous courtesy as if every bow and every smile were large print in a book. She was old, but had been young, and she could judge with truth each rising of the maiden's colour, and every flash of her beautiful eye beneath the gaze of him who had become the sun of her life. Prudently, then, she summoned the postmaster away from his office and home, to resume the trust she felt herself no longer able to keep. The worthy father rushed post haste to the rescue of his precious child. He would not for worlds that a breath should sully the honest name she bore, or that blight should fall upon the sweetest flower of his home. So he came to Madame Rennie's, at the bottom of Pall Mall, and sent for the lovely delinquent. Not with anger, but in tears, he bade her come to his arms that he might bear her far away from the perils gathering round her. And Mary wept—perhaps because she saw her kind father weeping—perhaps still more because she regarded his affectionate appeal as in truth her sentence of doom. Till that moment she had never known how warped her heart had become with the weft of another's affection and life. The call to forsake him revealed to her the wondrous strength of the tie that had grown like tough ivy between them. The sly puss! She dried her tears; she made believe that the old voice of father-love had lost none of its power to charm or to constrain because of her long listening to the tenderer tones of a man's strong love. Yes, she would obey in meekness, thankfulness, fear, and inward grace. She would go back with her father from the edge of the gulf into which she had nearly fallen. She would go home to household cares, and homely fare, and hard work, and the mill-round of life in a country town. With her rosy lips and tear-gemmed eyes, she was once more the dutiful child. But beneath the placid look of obedience there was a throbbing volcano of passion, and it must break, or she must die. The griffin and the father went into a little room at the back of the shop for a quiet talk about this business, now so happily and in such good time ended; and, while they were crowing over their triumphant sagacity, the love-smitten maiden slipped out of the shop as she was, and ran like a bounding gazelle along Pall Mall to the new home of her lover at the other end of the street.

Edward Walpole was out when the runaway girl reached the place of refuge. She had found her way to the dining-room, and the table was ready set, so she knew she would not have long to wait. And yet it seemed an age till she heard the well-known footfall. Edward greeted her with equal wonder and gladness. "You here!" he exclaimed, in tones which told only of

satisfaction and gratitude. Her tale needed no great while or many words for its telling. She loved and was beloved, and the moment was come for the die to be cast. She had thrown for life; was it to be a blank, or a prize the world might envy her? Not long had she to wait for such answer and assurance as her lover could give. He folded her to his heart; then, leading her to the head of the table, placed her at its head, installing her as mistress of his home. And that post she never quitted. It was a doubtful honour; yet in those days it was not, as now it would be, deemed sheer dishonour. Her lover had fair talent, it may be; but he had been trained from infancy to depend upon his powerful and exalted father, and every vista of life was lighted only with that father's influence and favour. He was for a short time Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was known thereafter as Sir Edward Walpole; but what else he held, did, or enjoyed in the way of parental favour, this story needs not to inquire. Enough to know that he found in his mistress a nature which entranced his whole being, as well as dazzled his fancy. He lavished kindness on all her kin. He lived for her, and would at any moment have died for her, could he have saved her a pang or a tear.

Mary Clement bore him three daughters and a son; but when the son was born the beloved and idolized mother passed away. The daughters, endowed with nearly all their mother's beauty, were carefully educated in all that could make them worthy to bear, and able to redeem, her cherished name. The eldest, Laura, was in due time married to the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. This marriage straightway secured the entrance to society for her sisters. It gave to Maria, the second daughter, the crowning grace she had previously lacked in the eyes of the haughty Earl of Waldegrave, while the youngest of the sisters, Charlotte, became Countess of Dysart. Lord Waldegrave was not very young, neither was he overwhelmingly handsome; but he deeply loved the nameless daughter of Mary Clement, and he made her a peeress. During their rather brief union, her blameless and beautiful behaviour amply justified every risk he might be thought to have run. When the earl died, the widow found herself still beautiful and young, besides enjoying rank and high repute. She became the object of universal attention. Society caressed and petted her. The Duke of Portland laid siege to her heart, but he was beaten off. Next came a scion of royalty, and he took the well-guarded fort by summons of trumpet. Frederick William, Duke of Gloucester, made love to the granddaughter of the Darlington postmaster, and made her a royal duchess. In course of time she gave birth to a prince and princess of the blood-royal, and it was on the cards (though the chance has long since passed away) that the Darlington maiden's descendants might sit on the throne of England.

## King John's Palace.

**T**HE old ruin in Heaton or Armstrong Park, Newcastle, popularly known as King John's Palace, has long been a subject of much mystery and speculation, more especially since the grounds in which it is situated have become public property. Even now nobody can clearly explain how it got the name it bears. Whether King John ever saw it is uncertain. But it has been reserved for Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates to discover what seems to be the true history of the ruin. Mr. Bates thus explains his discovery in a letter to Mr. Alderman Young, dated November 10, 1886:—

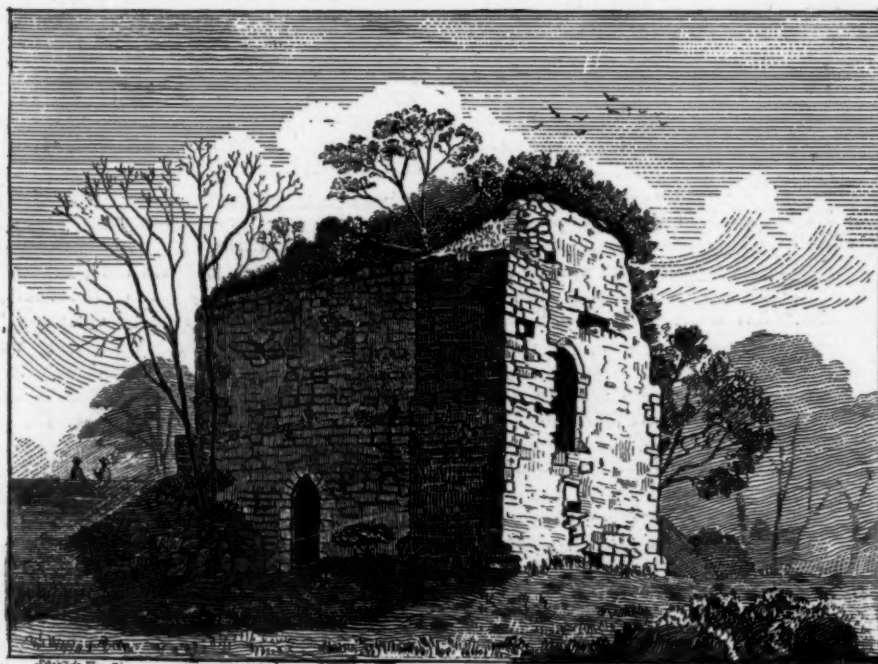
In the Patent Rolls (52 Henry III., memb. 31), I find that on the 5th December, 1267, King Henry the Third granted at Westminster a license to John Comyn to enclose his principal seat (*camera*) in the manor of Tarsset, on the North Tyne, with a moat and a wall of lime and stone, and to crenellate and fortify the same, on the remarkable condition that it should be enclosed, fortified, and crenellated in the same manner as the *camera* of Adam de Gesemuth (Jesmond) at Heaton.

This Adam de Gesemuth was in that very year High Sheriff of Northumberland, as he had been for three former years, viz., 1262-1264. He acquired the same odious

character for peculation and extortion that was common to all the sheriffs of that time, except John de Plessis and Robert de Insula, who were appointed by the party of Simon de Montfort. The unfortunate Roger Bertram of Mitford, who was taken prisoner while fighting in the cause of Justice and Liberty at Northampton, had to make over to Adam de Gesemuth his lands at Benridge and the advowson of Mitford. In the winter of 1265, Adam de Gesemuth was one of the northern barons summoned to treat for the liberation of Prince Edward, who had been taken captive by Earl Simon's party after the battle of Lewes. This shows his great personal importance, as he held most of his property as a feudal tenant of the barony of Ellingham. In 1269 he had a grant of a market and fair in his manor of Cramlington; but all his wealth and influence did little to preserve his memory. He apparently left no family, as Ralph de Stikelowe, chaplain, and Marjory de Trewick appear as his heirs in 1275.

There can, it would seem, be little doubt but that the ruins in Heaton Park are those of the *camera* of Adam de Gesemuth. The evil deeds of the sheriffs of the 13th century required that they should have the protection of strong walls; and probably Adam de Gesemuth had been permitted to fortify his house in consequence of being, like John Comyn, a devoted adherent of the King. Guisard de Charrun, who succeeded Adam de Gesemuth as sheriff, and bore an equally unamiable character, procured a license to crenellate his manor house at Horton, near Bedlington.

The ruins of a stronghold of a forgotten local tyrant, who did all he could to oppose the Parliamentary system of Earl Simon, are perhaps no inappropriate monument to be carefully preserved in the park of a free city.



KING JOHN'S PALACE.

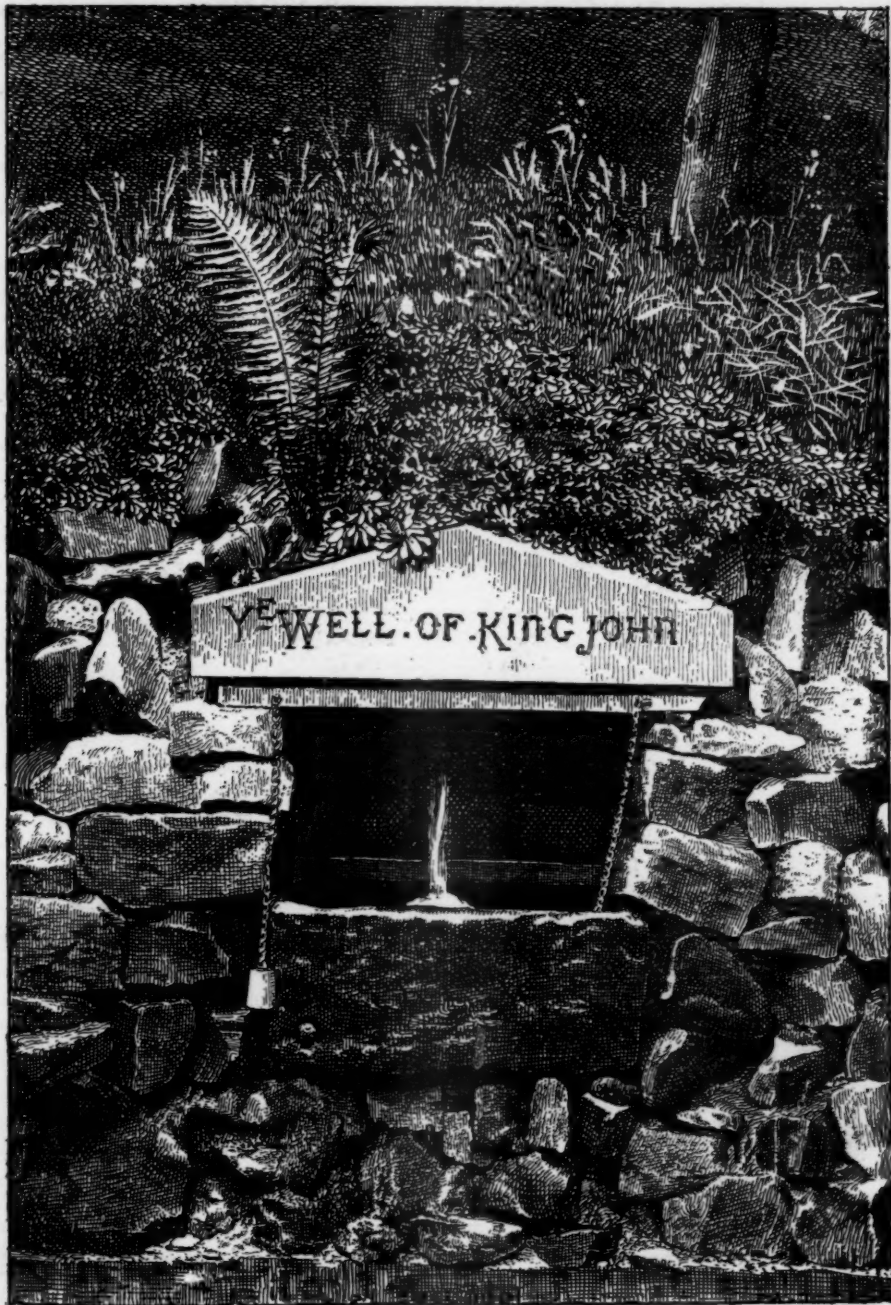
### "Ye Well of King John."

Lest controversy should hereafter arise as to the antiquity of "Ye Well of King John," a drawing of which appears on the adjoining page, it may be desirable to explain here the origin of the construction. When the

Corporation of Newcastle, through the generosity of Sir William Armstrong, came into possession of the Heaton estate, excavations were made around the ruins of King John's Palace. Among the relics then and there found was an old stone trough. This trough one of the sur-

veyors of the borough at the time—Mr. A. M. Fowler or Mr. John Fulton—proposed to utilise in connection with a spring in a remote and secluded quarter of the grounds. The proposal was adopted; the place was christened King John's Well, and a stone with an inscription that was

considered appropriate was erected over it. This, then, is the origin of "Ye Well of King John." We may add that the spring is situated in a pretty and rarely visited part of Armstrong Park, near the northern entrance from Jesmond Dene.



KING JOHN'S WELL.

## A Romance of the French War.

**R**ELATING his recollections of Sunderland between sixty and seventy years ago, a venerable native of that town, who assumes the name of Robinson Crusoe, mentioned, in the course of an article published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on the 21st of May, 1881, that a house in Vine Street, Sunderland, was once occupied by Mr. Avery Hornsby. "This gentleman," he says, "was, seventy or eighty years ago, master-mariner and owner of the two brigs, *Friends-Regard* and *Isabella*. It was in the latter vessel, when commanded by himself, that he fought a desperate action with a French privateer." The incident was described at length in the *Weekly Chronicle* on January 26th, 1873.

While steering for the Hague, the *Isabella* fell in with the *Marquis of Brancas*, a French privateer, with a crew of seventy-five men, and armed with ten guns and eight swivels, besides three hundred small arms. The *Isabella's* crew consisted of five men and two boys. She carried four guns and two swivels. Upon observing the privateer, Captain Hornsby asked his men to stand by him, which they promised to do to the last. He then hoisted the British colours, and returned the fire of the enemy's chase with his two swivels. The Frenchman called upon him to strike. He coolly returned an answer of defiance. Upon this, the privateer poured such showers of bullets into the *Isabella* that her crew retreated to close quarters. Twice the enemy attempted to board on the larboard quarter; but Hornsby, by a turn of the helm, frustrated their attempts. The Frenchman still kept firing upon him. The action had lasted an hour, when the privateer, running furiously upon the *Isabella's* larboard bow, entangled his bowsprit among the shrouds. The captain of the privateer bawled out—"Strike, you English dog!" Hornsby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he durst. The Frenchman then threw twenty men on board; but a general discharge of blunderbusses from the *Isabella's* crew soon caused them to retreat.

The vessels now got disentangled, and the privateer tried to board on the starboard side, when Hornsby and his mate shot each his man as they were lashing the ships together. The Frenchman again commanded him to strike. Upon his refusal, twenty fresh men were ordered to attack the crew in their quarters with hatchets and pole-axes; but Hornsby and his crew, from their close quarters, kept up a constant fire, and a second time the Frenchmen retreated, hauling their dead after them with hooks.

The ships being still lashed together, the enemy kept up a constant fire upon their close quarters; Hornsby returned the fire with spirit and effect. Observing them crowding together behind their mainmast for shelter, he aimed a blunderbuss, which happened to be doubly loaded, through a mistake, with twice

twelve balls. The weapon burst, and threw him down; but in an instant he was able to get up, though much bruised. The blunderbuss made terrible havoc among the Frenchmen; they disentangled the ships, leaving their pistols, pole-axes, and grapplings behind them. Hornsby then fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern.

The ships had been engaged with each other for two hours, yard-arm to yard-arm. The *Isabella's* hull, masts, yards, sails, and rigging were shot through and through, and her ensign dismantled. A shot striking the *Brancas* between wind and water, she sheered off. Hornsby, erecting his shattered ensign, gave the Frenchmen three cheers. The privateer, returning, fired a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*. Captain Hornsby was wounded in the temple, which bled profusely. He called to his men to stand to their arms; and, taking close quarters, they sustained the shock of three most tremendous broadsides, returning the fire. The privateer again sheered off. The Englishmen cheered, and set up again their ensign, which had a second time succumbed to the fire. The Frenchman returned, and fired two broadsides, summoning a surrender. A final defiance was hurled at him. The captain of the privateer ran his ship alongside, but his crew refused to board. He then cut the lashings and sheered off. Hornsby fired a gun, upon which the Frenchman's magazine blew up, and the privateer went to the bottom. Out of 75 men, 36 were killed or wounded; all the rest perished in the deep except three.

For this heroic exploit, Captain Hornsby was presented by the reigning sovereign with a gold medal. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, in 1814, and the English prisoners of war had returned from France, the house adjoining that of Mr. Hornsby in Vine Street was, says Robinson Crusoe, "occupied at the top by Henry Allington, who had been for nine years in a French prison. On Allington's return to Sunderland, an effigy of Bonaparte was hung out of the top window at the end of a spar."

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## The Gathering of the Whigs.

The late Mr. William Garret, bookseller and publisher, Newcastle, was a noted bibliophile in his day, who likewise took a keen interest in public affairs, both local and imperial. He contributed at least one item to the *Newcastle Typographical Society's* publications, viz., "An Elegy to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte," of which, if we have not been misinformed, only some half dozen copies were printed, so as to entitle it to be classed "rarissimus" in book catalogues. The following song was written by him on the eve of the election consequent on the demise of George IV. and the accession of William IV. The gathering purported to be holden in Sir Matthew White Ridley's Committee Rooms. The ditty

is closely modelled on the Scottish song denominated "The Chevalier's Muster Roll," which is believed to have been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James III. in the North, in 1715, and which Sir Walter Scott imitated under the same title—"Little wat ye wha's comin'"—on the occasion of King George IV.'s visit to Scotland, in August, 1822. The roll of Whig notabilities made up by Mr. Garret contains some names which, at this distance of time, it is difficult to identify; the following, however, may be particularized:—"Dan o' Blagdon Ha'" was Mr. Daniel Turner, land agent, Shotton Edge; "Canny Mr. Mayor" must have been Mr. Archibald Reed, thirty-eight years alderman, six times mayor; then we have Col. Robert Bell, Long Benton; Mr. Robert Boyd, banker, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle; Dr. T. E. Headlam, once the leader of the Whigs; Mr. John Hemsley, of Elswick West Cottage; Mr. William Andrew Mitchell, printer and publisher of the *Tyne Mercury* and *Newcastle Magazine*; Mr. Armorer Donkin, solicitor; Mr. Emerson Charnley, bookseller; Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, solicitor; Mr. John Trotter Brockett, solicitor, best known by his invaluable "Glossary of North-Country Words"; Mr. William Coates, wine and spirit merchant; Alderman Cramlington, of Pilgrim Street; his near neighbour, Mr. Isaac Hamilton, haberdasher and hosier; Mr. Thomas Smith, rope manufacturer; Mr. Robert Rayne, iron founder; Mr. Matthew Wheatley, iron merchant; Mr. Richard Burdon, Shieldfield; Mr. Thomas Hodgson, printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle*; the Rev. William Turner, Unitarian minister; Mr. Rowland Hodge, shipowner; Mr. Elrington Lax, hay merchant; Mr. Dixon Dixon, coal-fitter; Mr. Wm. Archbold, commission agent; Mr. Thomas Wright, butcher; Mr. Thomas William Keenlyside, solicitor; Mr. William Redhead, corn merchant; Mr. Joseph Pollard, corn merchant; and Mr. William Armstrong, corn merchant. Sir Matthew White Ridley (*vulgo* Matty) held the principles of the old Whigs, and the colours his friends sported were gold and blue.

Little wat ye wha's comin';  
Dan o' Blagdon Ha's comin,  
Harry's comin,—Scaife's comin,  
Henderson and a's comin.

Canny Mr. Mayor's comin,  
Cornel Bell an' a's comin,  
Bobby Boyd an' a' the Bank,  
Canvas Bags an' a's comin.

The Doctor an' his Hat's comin,  
Patent-Felt an' a's comin,  
Hemsley's Nose an' Mitchell's Prose,  
And Charlie Pot an' a's comin.

Donkin an' his Dog's comin,  
Charnley an' Liddell's comin,  
Ralph Park, an' mony mair,  
For a' the Friends o' Cuddy's comin.

Brockett an' his Gig's comin,  
Coates an' his Son's comin,  
Cramlington an' Hamlington,  
Smith o' Heaton Ha's comin.

Rayne's comin, Wheatley's comin,  
An' every wiser head's comin,  
Burdon e'en frae Jesmond Dean,  
With Cockelorum Ha's comin.

Hodgson's comin, Turner's comin,  
Chronicle an' a's comin,  
Rowley Hodge, an' Toney Lodge,  
With Eily Lax an' a's comin.

Dixon's comin, Gibson's comin,  
Archbold an' a's comin,  
Men o' might, wi' Tommy Wright,  
An' Keenlyside an' a's comin.

Redhead's comin, Pollard's comin,  
Armstrong an' a's comin;  
Young gold an' blue they'll a' pursue  
When Matty's Whigs are a' comin.

They're comin in frae far and near,  
A' straggling in disorder,  
They've nae forgot the days o' Scott,  
Wi' th' Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.

## Notes and Corrections.

### "MY LORD 'SIZE."

This celebrated song appeared in print, as Mr. Thomas Allan reminds us, some years earlier than the publication of Akenhead's collection. It will be found on page 23 of "Rhymes of Northern Bards," edited by John Bell, Jun., and printed by M. Angus and Son in 1812. Thus the song had general currency about two years after the accident to Mr. Baron Graham.

### "A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS."

This phrase is commonly ascribed to Napoleon I. The saying originated with Bertrand Barrère, who, in his report to the Committee of Public Safety, after the battle called Lord Howe's Victory, June 1st, 1794, tried to show that the victory was with the French, and then exclaimed, "Que Pitt donc se vante de sa victoire à sa nation boutiquière." Napoleon I. never said it. P.

### JACK CRAWFORD.

A correspondent of the *Sunderland Daily Post*, alluding to the "full and interesting record of Jack Crawford in the *Monthly Chronicle*," states that there is in the Borough Museum of Sunderland "a glass jar labelled as containing the heart of the hero of Camperdown." Jack's only monument, the writer adds, is, as far as he knows, "a wooden one, over a beer-shop at the corner of Whitburn Street, Monkwearmouth." Here is a hint for Sunderland folk. Who among them will initiate a movement to erect some more suitable memorial of Crawford's daring exploit? EDITOR.

### THE HAWKSES.

Two or three mistakes, I find, occurred in the paper on the Hawksees. I stated that Mr. George Hawks became the manager of the ironworks on the death of his cousin, Sir Robert Shaftoe Hawks, whereas it appears that, after the death of Mr. William Stanley Hawks, his younger

brother Joseph, who inherited his shares, became manager, and continued to be so up to the time of his retirement, when the Crawshays bought his shares and those of Sir Robert; and it was only from that time that Mr. George Hawks undertook the management. Again, the first iron boat ever built, which I was led to believe, on what I considered good authority, was constructed under the supervision of a man named Samuel Thynne, was designed, it seems, by another of the workmen named James Smith, Thynne only "playing second fiddle." Neither did Thynne die so far back as I had an impression he did. I wrote that it was some twenty or thirty years ago; but Mr. Watson Walker, of Jarrow, who was a fellow-worker with him, and who tells us he watched the building of the little iron row-boat or gig (which was named the Vulcan) with great interest, says he has not been dead, as near as he can remember, over twelve years, as he had a visit from him about that time. Regarding the accident which took place on Ascension Day, 1826, there is a third mistake. It was not the Vulcan that was upset, drowning two persons, a young man and his sweetheart, but a pleasure-boat, built by the same James Smith, which was manned by twelve or fourteen hands, comprising the rowers of the Vulcan. The whole of those on board being very tipsy, and the flag having got entangled with the ropes, Smith got up the mast to put it right, when the drunken men, rolling about the boat, caused it to upset. Smith, being fast among the ropes, lost his life, as did also the young man Lambton and the young woman Greig. The crew of the iron gig, which hailed from the South Shore, consisted of six only, besides the pea-dee or coxswain. So writes Mr. Walker, who, with two other lads, towed behind the pleasure-boat up to Lemington and back to the Crooked Billet, where they parted for home. The public-house where old William Hawks was ordered out by the irate landlady was situated about fifty yards east of New Woolwich gate, and it was kept, Mr. Walker thinks, at the time to which the anecdote refers, by the father of James Smith, the designer of the Vulcan, which was built in a garden behind it. Smith's wife's mother, Old Sally Hunter, as they used to call her, kept the house for many years prior to her son-in-law becoming its tenant. The whole of this property was pulled down over forty years ago, when forges, foundries, &c., were built on the ground. For these particulars we are indebted to Mr. Walker, who was born in one of the cottages built by Mr. Hawks in the year 1812, who was educated in a school built by him for the benefit of his workmen's children, and who has been a member for over fifty-two years of Hawks's Manufactory Friendly Society, which is still in existence.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

#### HOUGHTON FEAST.

With Houghton-le-Spring the name of Bernard Gilpin will be ever associated; in sooth, civilized Houghton

dates from his advent. The "Apostle of the North," moreover, has been often mentioned in connection with the annual and most ancient feast of Houghton. But Bernard Gilpin did not "originate" Houghton Feast, as has been but recently repeated.

Country feasts, which are usually observed on the Sunday after the saint's day to whom the parish church is dedicated (Houghton to St. Michael, 29th September), took their rise from a letter written by Pope Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, to Melitus Abbott (who was sent into England with St. Austin) in these words, quoted by Bede in his Ecclesiastical History:—"It may, therefore, be permitted them (viz., the English) that on the dedication day, or other solemn days of martyrs, they make themselves bowers about their churches, and, refreshing themselves and feasting together after a good religious sort, kill their oxen now to the praise of God and increase of charity, which before they were wont to sacrifice to the devil," &c. Thus, by ascertaining the date of the original church at Houghton, we may arrive somewhere near the time when the feast was first celebrated. The first Rector of Houghton of whom I can find any record was, according to Hutchinson, named Renaldus (1131), who flourished four centuries before the truly Christian Gilpin, as twentieth Rector, so thoroughly realised, in his great charity, the idea of the good Saint Gregory when he, nearly a thousand years prior, instigated, with good intent, feasts and wakes.

Every Sunday, from Michaelmas till Easter, says the Durham historian, was a sort of public day with Bernard Gilpin. During this season he expected to see all his parishioners with their families. For their reception he had three tables well covered. The first was for gentlemen, the second for yeomen, and the third for day labourers. This piece of hospitality he never omitted, even at seasons when its continuance was rather difficult to him. He thought it his duty, and that was a deciding motive. When he was absent from home, no alteration was made in his family expenses: the poor were fed as usual, and his neighbours entertained; and he was always glad of the company of men of merit and learning, who greatly frequented his house. He attended to everything which he conceived might be of service to his parishioners. He was assiduous to prevent all law suits. His hall, it is said, was often thronged with people who came to submit their differences to his judgment. His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country. He spent in his family every fortnight 40 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionable quantity of other kinds of provisions. Strangers and travellers found in his house a cheerful reception. All were welcome that came; and even their horses had so much care taken of them that it was humorously said, "If a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the Rector of Houghton."

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

## North-Country Wit & Humour.

### A QUESTION OF TIME.

The following conversation is recorded to have taken place between two pitmen:—"Wey, man, what de ye think? Andra Blair's gotten a watch." "He hes, hes he? Umph! Wey, he cannot tell the clock, let aliyen the watch!"

### THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

A well-known Boniface in a Northern county had a goose presented to him for his Christmas dinner. On going into the pantry on Christmas morning, he found that "the bird had flown." He suspected three jovial friends, one of whom, after sympathising with him, said, "It was only a lark." "Lark, be hanged!" said he; "it weighed ten pounds!"

### A LONG START.

Not a hundred miles from St. Peter's, Newcastle, two lovers of aquatics, who for the sake of distinction we will name Fred and Dick, were discussing the starts in the last Christmas Aquatic Handicap. Dick: "They're badly handicapped; wey, aa could handicap them better even if Beach had bin among the entries." Fred: "Get away, man! whaat staint wad ye hev g'ien me?" Dick: "Ye? Wey, aa wad hev set ye away the neet afore!"

### LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

A workman was trying to enlighten two or three of the less informed on the question of capital. "As an illustration," he said, "we'll suppose a master puts a thousand pounds into the warks; he wants five or ten per cent. profit oot o' that." "Whaat's he want thaaf for?" demanded one of his hearers. "Oh! becaas he hes te live; he hes his wife and family te keep," was the reply. "That be beggored," said the other: "aa think he's weel off if he gets his thousand pund back agyen. As for keeping his wife an' bairns, thor's plenty folk 'll tick him aall he wants!"

### A CHURCH CONVERT.

A new place of worship has been erected in an eastern suburb of Newcastle, and the minister lately appointed has been zealous in seeking for persons to attend. One old porter pokeman was asked to come. "Wey," said he, "aa've nivor been tiv a chorch since aa wes marriert." Various inducements were offered to him, and he at last consented, remarking: "Wey, es thor's flagtanes aall the way doon, aa'll mebbies come!"

### A SINGING CONTEST.

Two pitmen met the other night, when one of them, in reply to a question as to his destination, said, "Aa's gan teeing at a singing contest, but aa's a bit frettened, 'caas thor's a chep coming whe's a grand singor." The same pitman, meeting the vocalist the next evening, asked, "Hoo did ye come on up yondor?" "Wey," said his friend, "tuthor chep bet us. Aa sang 'The Anchor's Weighed' tiv an oonce, but he sang 'The Village Blacksmith' that weel that the varra sparks seemed te come oot o' his finger ends!"

## North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Thompson, for many years manager of Messrs. Bell Brothers' Port Clarence blast-furnaces, died at his residence, Southfield Villa, Middlesbrough, on February 18. Mr. Thompson, who was a native of Wylam, in Northumberland, was fifty-four years of age.

Mr. Edward Dean Davis, the well-known theatrical manager, died on February 19, at his residence in Eldon Square, Newcastle, at the advanced age of 81 years. A native of the neighbourhood of Bath, in Somersetshire, the deceased gentleman made his first essay in theatrical management at Taunton, in March, 1835. In 1846, he removed to the North of England, and in the autumn of that year he entered upon the leaseholdship of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. From that position he retired in 1870; but down to the summer of 1886 he continued his connection, as lessee, with a theatre in Sunderland. Mr. Davis was instrumental in bringing out some actors and



MR E.D DAVIS

actresses who afterwards achieved distinction in their profession; and it was under his auspices that Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent tragedian, made his first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, in September, 1856. Mr. Davis's last appearance on the stage was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, on the occasion of the second annual benefit of the lessees, Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, on the 1st of April, 1885. The deceased gentleman was a prominent Freemason, being probably the oldest member of that craft in the country; and in 1886 he was appointed, by the Prince of Wales, G.S.B. of the Grand Lodge of England. The interment took place in Jesmond Cemetery, on the 22nd,

in presence of a large assemblage of the Masonic brotherhood of Northumberland and Durham.

Mr. Joseph Purvis, who had filled several parochial offices in connection with the district of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and who was also a prominent Freemason, died on February 20, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Thomas Atkinson, an old printer, who had served his apprenticeship with Mr. Mitchell on the *Tyne Mercury*, died in Newcastle, on February 21, in the eighty-first year of his age. The deceased was one of the founders of the Church of England Institute, Newcastle, of which he ultimately became librarian.

An old man, believed to be Robert Robson, who, on account of a supposed large fortune in Chancery to which he advanced himself as a claimant some years ago, was locally known as the "Hexham millionaire," was found dead in bed in a lodging-house at Spennymoor, in the county of Durham, on February 22. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Mr. John M'Alpine, who, until recently, had been for many years harbour master at Byth, died there on the 22nd of February, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. John Clay, a former inhabitant of South Shields, and the first mayor of that borough, died at his residence, Oak House, Crawley Down, Sussex, on February 23rd. He was, during his connection with this district, extensively engaged in commercial pursuits. Besides being the manager of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank, he was at the head of a shipbuilding firm; and it was from his yard, about the year 1847, that the first iron ship built at South Shields was launched. When the borough was incorporated, he was elected a member of the first Town Council on the 1st of March, 1850, and on the 9th of the same month he was elected an alderman, and then mayor. Mr. Clay was born in South Shields in 1802, and was, therefore, eighty-five years of age. The body was interred in the family vault at Crawley Down.

The Rev. W. Mason, vicar of Sacriston, died somewhat suddenly on February 25. He had laboured in the parish for twenty-three years—since its formation in 1864.

On the 26th of February was announced the death, which had taken place at Sydney, New South Wales, of Mr. Henry George Moody, third son of the late Rev. Clement Moody, for many years Vicar of Newcastle.

Mr. William Short, shipowner, of Alma, Place, North Shields, and a member of the Tynemouth Council, died in that town on February 26, his age being about forty years.

Mr. John Brockat, Lloyd's principal engineer surveyor at Newcastle, and well-known in engineering and shipbuilding circles, died in Newcastle on February 26, at the age of 51, and his remains were removed for interment to Glasgow, of which city he was a native.

Mr. George D. Menzies, who was very widely known among agriculturists as a good, sound, practical farmer, died on March 1 at his residence at Quarrington Hill Farm, near Coxhoe, Durham. The deceased gentleman, who also took a keen interest in parochial matters, and was a member of the Durham Board of Guardians, was 76 years of age.

Mr. Robert Bagnall, landlord of the Crown and Cannon Hotel, Winton, who for upwards of half a century had been closely connected with the popular sports of the district, died on the 5th of March, at the age of 77.

Major Waddilove, formerly of the Bengal Army, and a justice of the peace for the county of Northumberland, died at his residence, Brunton House, Wall, on March 6, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

On the 15th of March, there died at Hurworth-on-Tees, in her 88th year, Louisa Arabella, widow of the Ven. Richard Charles Coxe, Vicar of Eglington, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and Canon of Durham, formerly Vicar of Newcastle. The deceased lady had survived her husband twenty-two years.

Mr. John Barnes, for many years proprietor of the *Sunderland Daily News*, died in Newcastle, on the 15th of March, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Councillor Wm. Smith, Newcastle, died on the 17th of March.

## Record of Events.

### North-Country Occurrences.

#### FEBRUARY.

7.—The championship sculler race between George Bubeat, of Hammersmith, and George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, for £200 a-side, and the silver challenge cup given by the proprietors of the *Sportsman*, was rowed on the Tyne, and resulted in the victory of Bubeat by a boat's length.

14.—The number of missives which passed through the Post-Office at Newcastle in connection with St. Valentine's Day was about 70,000, which, while showing a slight increase over last year's figures, was far below that experienced a few years ago.

16.—An appeal was issued by the Countess of Ravensworth to the ladies of Newcastle and district for funds to establish a Home of Refuge for Fallen Women and Girls, under the supervision of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and, on the 21st, a meeting in furtherance of the object was held in the County Hotel, under the presidency of the Rev. Provost Consitt.

—In reference to a long-pending question, Mr. B. C. Browne, as Mayor of Newcastle, wrote to the Rev. R. W. Snape, Lamesley, stating that neither out of Corporate funds nor out of the funds of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin were the Corporation able to make any provision for payment to the representatives of the late Dr. Snape, formerly Head Master of the Grammar School, of the sum of £1,500, or any other sum, adding that this reply must be considered final.

—Considerable excitement was created at West Cramlington by an extraordinary attack made upon Mr. Robt. W. Bell, farmer, of that place. He was riding on horseback down a lane leading to Beacon Hall Farm, when he observed some men trespassing in a field. On being asked to leave, one of them raised a gun and fired at Mr. Bell, who, in attempting to defend himself, was wounded in the arm, which had afterwards to be amputated. Three men, John H. Potts (23), Albert Ludkin (20), and Rowling Maughan (22), were subsequently arrested on the charge; and, on the 18th, Robert Boak (27), a pitman, committed suicide by shooting himself at Dudley, leaving behind him several letters, in one of which he said, "I am the man that did the foolish action." At the coroner's inquest, the jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*, and the body was buried at Dinington Village Church, without the usual funeral rites. The three men arrested on the charge of aiding and abetting in the attack made upon Mr. Bell were afterwards discharged.

—In connection with the strike of miners in North-

berland, it was found, to-day, as the result of the circular sent out by the officials of the Union, that 51 lodges voted for, and 161 against, the convening of a meeting to accept the resignation tendered by the officers, who consequently continued to occupy their several positions. On the 18th, the first allowance from the funds of the Union was paid to the men, the sum distributed being about £14,000. The second distribution took place on the 4th March, when £10,131 2s. 8d. was paid out of the funds of the Union to the men on strike. On the 23rd, two brothers, named William and George Whitefield, were, in terms of ejectment warrants previously granted by the magistrates at Tynemouth, evicted from their houses at Burradon, the proceedings being carried out in a perfectly peaceful manner. At Dudley Colliery, on the 24th, the men living in rented houses held a demonstration in the village, and adopted a "plan of campaign" with regard to rents. Mr. John Williams, a Socialist from London, as well as other Socialists, visited the district, and delivered a number of addresses to the miners and others. The third payment of relief money to the men on strike was paid on the 18th March, at the rate of 2s per member.

—About 3,800 poor children were, in accordance with a custom of several years' standing, treated to a free representation of the pantomime—"Dick Whittington and his Cat"—at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. Mr. R. W. Younge, the lessee, appeared on the stage in the dress which he wore on the occasion of Uncle Toby's demonstration to commemorate the enrolment of 100,000 members of the Dicky Bird Society—a humane society which was commenced in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1876.

—The Newcastle City Council rejected, by 30 against 16 votes, a recommendation from the Parks Committee to purchase a portion or the whole of Beech Grove estate for the extension of Elswick Park.

21.—The Jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the Theatre Royal, Grey Street, Newcastle, was celebrated to-night, when, after the production of the pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," Mr. F. W. Wyndham, one of the lessees, recited the address written by the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, and spoken at the opening of the establishment in 1837.

—Mr. J. Barras, of Darlington, discovered in a cabinet, which he had bought in a sale-room, fourteen £100 and twenty-six £5 Bank of England notes, which proved to have been lost twenty years previously by Mr. Benson, of London, to whose representatives he restored them, receiving back £10.

22.—The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry laid the foundation stone of a new High School for Girls, in connection with the Church Schools at Sunderland.

—Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., addressed a well-attended meeting of shopkeepers and assistants in Newcastle, in explanation of Sir John Lubbock's Compulsory Early Closing Bill, a resolution in favour of which was unanimously passed.

23.—The steamship Weatherall, of Newcastle, was run down by collision with the iron barque Valjejo, of Workington, about five miles off the coast between Folkestone and Dover, one of the crew of the Weatherall, a man named Herrod, being drowned.

—A number of trees were planted in Priestpopple, Hexham, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

—A young man, named Patrick Finnerty, was burned to death in a shocking manner, while assisting in tapping some molten slag at the steel works of Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow.

24.—The first number of the *Monthly Chronicle* was issued to-day. Such was the success of the undertaking that the first edition of 5,000 was sold out on the day of publication. The publisher had subsequently to go to press with two other editions of 5,000 each.

—At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a number of prizes, offered by the society and by Uncle Toby, were presented to the winners by the Rev. Canon Franklin.

—A fire broke out in the large malting warehouse of Messrs. John Barras and Co., situated in Tucker's Yard, West Street, Gateshead, the damage done being estimated at £2,000. On the same day, the premises of Messrs. E. H. and A. Richardson, paper manufacturers, Teams, Gateshead, were also the scene of a fire. The store was entirely gutted, and the roof of the lamp-black house fell in before the conflagration was suppressed.

25.—The Hexham Local Board sealed an agreement with Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P., in reference to Tyne Green, the hon. gentleman having, as a memorial of the Royal Jubilee, handed over to the Board his interest in the lands above the bridge over the Tyne, exclusive of his mineral rights.

26.—One of two 23-ton guns, to be placed in the Castle Yard at Tynemouth, was brought to the Tyne by her Majesty's ship Locksley.

—Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, a native of Newcastle, being a son of the late Rev. A. Reid, Congregational minister, brought to a close his connection with the *Leeds Mercury*, of which he had been editor for seventeen years, to enter on the position of manager for Messrs. Cassell and Co., publishers, London; and, before leaving Leeds, he was made the recipient of several valuable testimonials.

27.—A scene of a very unseemly character was witnessed on the occasion of the funeral of a sergeant of volunteers with military honours at Elswick Cemetery. In the struggles of the crowd to get within the gates, a number of women were knocked down and badly treated. Inside the cemetery, graves were trampled under foot, and plants were destroyed to a considerable extent.

28.—Details were received as to the sinking, while on a passage from England to Australia, of the emigrant ship Kapunda, on the 20th of January, among the numerous passengers who perished being a family named Reece, consisting of father, mother, brothers, and two sisters, who had gone from Spennymoor.

—Formal possession was taken, by the Executive Council, of the extensive building on the Town Moor, Newcastle, in which at a later period of the year it is proposed to hold a great exhibition in celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.

#### MARCH.

1.—Mr. B. C. Browne, Mayor of Newcastle, was presented to the Prince of Wales at a levee held by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty.

2.—A District Convention of the Methodist Free Church was held in Gloucester Street Chapel, Newcastle, when a paper was read by the Rev. Charles Hunt, of South Shields.

—A new Sunday School and Lecture Hall, erected in Durham Road, Gateshead, by the Primitive Methodist body, were formally opened by the Mayor of the borough, Mr. Davidson.

3.—A special meeting of the governors of the New-

castle Infirmary was held to-day, for the purpose of considering a report from the House Committee and Medical Board on the future management of the institution. Sir W. G. Armstrong presided. The joint committee recommended the abolition of letters of admission by making the hospital free, subject to the reservation of existing rights of life governors and to the receipt of regular periodical contributions from the workmen of Tyneside. The recommendation was unanimously adopted.

—Salt was reached in the Greatham mines at West Hartlepool.

7.—Mr. Ralph Atkinson, of Angerton, Morpeth, and Mr. Gerald Percy Vivian Aylmer, of Walworth Castle, Darlington, were respectively appointed Sheriffs of Northumberland and Durham.

—Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera "Ruddigore," first played in London on January 22, was produced for the first time in the provinces at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, to-night.

8.—At an influential meeting held in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, as Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland, a resolution, moved by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. E. C. Browne), and seconded by Earl Percy, was adopted, approving of the foundation of an Imperial Institute as a fitting memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. The meeting further expressed an opinion that it was most desirable to establish in Newcastle a local branch of the Institute, whence information so important in all agricultural and commercial districts as to the condition and progress of the industries of the empire might be promptly and rapidly disseminated. On the 6th, a similar meeting was held at Durham, the Earl of Durham being in the chair; and a resolution was passed in favour of co-operating with Northumberland and Newcastle in securing a local branch.

—A Peace Conference was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. James Richardson.

9.—In removing the flooring in All Saints' Church, Newcastle, the workmen discovered several pillars and arch-stones, base mouldings, and window joints of the fifteenth century, as well as one or two arch-stones of earlier date, probably of the twelfth century, and a piece of base of a mediæval tombstone, in fine limestone.

10.—An inquest was held at Barnard Castle on the body of John Connor, a cattle drover, who it was alleged had been killed during a fight by Alexander Smith, a pedlar, aged 50, against whom a verdict of manslaughter was returned. Smith was afterwards committed for wilful murder by the magistrates.

11.—A severe gale and snowstorm passed over Newcastle and the North-East Coast.

—The Town Clerk of Newcastle (Mr. Hill Motum) and the Sheriff of the same city (Ald. W. H. Stephenson) were presented to the Prince of Wales, at a *levée* held by his Royal Highness on behalf of the Queen.

12.—The *London Gazette* contained the award of Mr. E. A. Owen as to the rearrangement of the boundaries of the municipal wards of Newcastle.

—Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, paid an official visit to the port of the Tyne.

—Mr. Henry Penman was presented with a series of gifts, on the attainment of his jubilee as a compositor,

thirty years of his work having been connected with the *Newcastle Courant*, and the remaining twenty with the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

17.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Gateshead, a committee was formed to canvass the town for subscriptions towards the Imperial Institute; the Mayor, who presided, putting down his name for £100.

### General Occurrences.

#### FEBRUARY.

14.—Reports received that a column of Italian troops had been massacred near Saati in Abyssinia.

16.—Celebration of Queen's Jubilee in India. At Calcutta, Bombay, and other towns there were brilliant festivals. 25,000 civil and military prisoners and 300 debtors were released.

19.—Terrible explosion at Cwtch Colliery, Rhondda Valley, Wales. About sixty men were in the mine at the time of the explosion. Of these, thirty-seven were killed.

21.—Termination of miners' strike in Scotland, a 10 per cent. advance in wages having been conceded.

23.—Earthquake shocks in South Europe. Great loss of life and damage to property in the Riviera. The towns of Bajardo and Diano Marina were destroyed. Nice, Cannes, and other places also suffered. For a time panic prevailed, the inhabitants camping out in the open air. Great numbers of visitors—exceeding, it is said, 25,000—left the district. Slight shocks were experienced for about a week afterwards.

#### MARCH.

1.—Extensive war preparations by Austria in view of the threatening attitude of Russia.

2.—Military revolt in Bulgaria. The garrison of Silistria pronounced against the Government of the Regents. This was followed by an outbreak at Rustchuk. The insurrection was speedily suppressed, and several of the leaders were executed.

3.—A bill for the increase of the German army having been rejected by the Reichstag, that body was dissolved by the German Emperor. The new elections resulted in favour of the Government by a large majority.

7.—Resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in consequence of ill-health. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was appointed in his place.

8.—Death of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, U.S., at the age of 74.

9.—Banquet to Mr. Schnadhorst, a noted Liberal organizer, at the Hotel Metropole, London, and presentation to him of a purse containing £10,000.

10.—Terrible explosion of melinite, a new explosive used in the French army, at Belfort, France. Six men were killed and eleven wounded.

13.—Attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia. Six men were arrested near the Anitchkoff Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Czar and Imperial family were residing. The conspirators had explosive bombs in their possession. The Czar, Czarina, Czarevitch, and Grand Duke George attended a religious service at the church of Sts. Peter and Paul. Just before the Imperial sleigh left the Palace the would-be assassins were secured. Several other arrests were made.